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POLICING THE WORLD



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Lethal new phase in cold war

EVERYTHING ABOUT the cruise missile debate in the House of Commons this week was fraudulent. The only positive thing to say about it is that at least for the first time the issue of the missiles has been openly debated. But even then the debate came long after the decision was irreversible, so far as the government was concerned. The Commons was debating a *fait accompli*. The size of the government's parliamentary majority in favour of cruise bears no relation of any kind to the democratic reality — which is that many more people in this country are opposed to cruise missiles than want them.

The first element of fraud was the case put forward by Michael Heseltine. It is not true to say that NATO has been pressing ahead with the deployment programme for cruise and Pershing missiles in order to persuade the Soviet Union to negotiate seriously at Geneva. That is a smokescreen. The real motives remain what they have always been — first, to modernise the intermediate range nuclear weapons available to NATO in Europe and, second, to meet the requests of two successive West German governments for US land-based nuclear weapons to be deployed on German soil.

Just as dishonest were Heseltine's arguments against asking the Americans for 'dual key' arrangements to control the launching of cruise missiles from this country. Deterrence theory, he said, would rule out signalling in advance to the Soviets the conditions which the British would attach to using the missiles. In the mad world of deterrence theory that is obviously true, but deliberately evades the point. Heseltine is not being asked to tell the Russians what the British rules of engagement would be. He is being asked to provide some way of stopping the Americans launching the missiles, if politically or militarily we do not agree with some future American rules of engagement. From 1958 to 1964, when the 'special relationship' with the US was a good deal more all-embracing, there were dual key arrangements for the first generation of US missiles in this country. No one then seemed to think that this undermined deterrence, or questioned the trust between the two governments. The only conceivable reason why it should do so now is that cruise missiles are not intended to be part of NATO's defence strategy, but of the US's military interests alone.

The argument about 'trust' put forward by Heseltine contradicts even his own argument in favour of having cruise in this country. If all arrangements are entered into on the basis that the US and UK governments will without question be as one in any future situation where the use of nuclear weapons is being contemplated, then there is no need for cruise missiles in this country. For their purpose, when conceived in 1979, was to couple US nuclear weapons physically to the defence of the UK. (And incidentally there could be no logical American objection to dual key unless they wished to leave open the option of firing in circumstances with which a British government did not agree.)

Nor was the position adopted by the Labour Opposition much more honest. The debating attack mounted by Denis Healey on Heseltine was effective enough. He established once again that there is no military argument that stands up

for the deployment of another generation of US *land-based* nuclear weapons in Europe. But his attack (and indeed Michael Foot's) would have carried a different kind of moral authority if they had not been senior members of a Labour government that itself set off down the road that led to Greenham Common. When NATO took the formal decision to go ahead with cruise and Pershing, Mrs Thatcher had been in office for several months. But Heseltine is quite justified in pointing out that this formal decision flowed directly from a NATO meeting six months earlier in 1979, where decisions were taken to which Labour's Fred Mulley put his name.

THE GREAT FRAUD, however, has been the Geneva disarmament negotiations themselves. Neither the US nor the Soviet Union has moved an inch from the positions that they have held since 1979. The American objectives throughout have been to deploy a new generation of nuclear weapons in Europe and to establish overwhelming superiority in every arm of nuclear weaponry. The Russian objectives have been to replace their old and leaky SS-4s and 5s with the new generation of SS-20s and to prevent the deployment of new US missiles in Europe.

Instead we had American 'initiatives' whose target was Western public opinion and not serious negotiation in Geneva. When President Reagan was clearly losing the propaganda war, he produced his 'zero option'. Even the NATO Assembly recognised that this was a 'desirable but implausible goal' designed to place responsibility for NATO nuclear modernisation on the Soviet Union. It would in effect have involved unilateral nuclear disarmament by the USSR, since in return for no *new* American deployment the Russians were being asked to remove all their *existing* intermediate rockets.

In fact from the American side there has never been any question of negotiating about anything except the extent to which NATO's nuclear capacity would be increased in relation to the Russians'. Since the US started from a position of having no land-based missiles in Europe this was the inescapable logic of a negotiating position which insisted on comparing American and Russian intermediate rockets in Europe (a comparison made even more unattractive to the Russians by the blank refusal to include British and French missiles in the equation). Since Eugene Rostow was dismissed as head of the US Arms Control Agency, the American negotiations have been firmly in the hands of General Rowny and others who make no secret of their view that total US dominance should be established before any serious negotiation should take place with the Russians. The arms race is now entering a new and lethally dangerous phase. □

Next week . . .

● John Pilger reporting on Nicaragua's right to live independently of the US

● Emma Tennant — an extract from her new novel, *Woman beware Woman*, to be published later this month

Joint forces against the wirecutters

AMERICAN troops who kill, maim or hurt any British citizen on British soil are protected from both criminal prosecution or civil action. They are given total immunity under the Visiting Forces Act of 1952. There have been several instances of how this operates. Three years ago, an American nuclear guard marine drove a vehicle at 70mph down the wrong side of the road in Cornwall, killing a 17-year-old local boy. American forces personnel interrupted the inquest to insist it could not be held. They later court-martialled the serviceman – and fined him \$1.

However, although American armed personnel can use force against British citizens, they are not entitled to arrest British citizens who trespass on land handed over to the USAF. They are allowed to detain Britons, and will call in local police to take the detainees away. This is the policy that has always operated at Upper Heyford and Greenham Common, although reports of USAF men resorting to violent gestures and abuse towards protesters are increasingly common.

Although the presence of crowds of women at Greenham Common last weekend was expected – with unconfirmed reports that space had been cleared at Reading jail to accept them – no consistent strategy for 'defending' the land against British protesters was enforced by the joint security command. The man in overall charge at Greenham Common is Colonel Robert Thompson, an American.

Hundreds of women turned up last Saturday and managed to take down between 400 yards and 4 miles of perimeter fencing. Reactions of the range of male forces lined up on either side of them varied considerably. On the inside, many troops, drawn from the British Ministry of Defence police, RAF Regiment and infantry battalion, watched placidly while others hit out with hostile violence. I saw officers encouraging their men to kick or hit women's knuckles and later rubber truncheons were used. There was also a steady stream of verbal abuse. At one point, when a section of the fence came down, half a dozen soldiers charged over the top, brandishing what looked like 2 foot long strips of metal girder.

For some reason, the Ministry of Defence spokesman refused to admit that American service personnel were involved in 'defending' the common from the women, although their presence was obvious by their accents alone. Colonel

Kennedy from the public affairs department of the US 3rd Airforce acknowledged that members of the USAF Security Police could have been deployed. I and other women observed a man, not in uniform, who appeared to be supervising some of the operation. He was wearing blue jeans, leather motorcycle boots and a balaclava helmet covering most of his face.

I heard him say to a British officer, in a strong American ac-

cent: 'Are you guys OK for a while? If you need some help just holler.' Later the man re-appeared. He said to another American: 'If that woman leans on the fence again I'll smash her.' The woman leant on the fence and he delivered a swift and extremely painful karate blow to her knuckles. It is believed that members of the US Special Forces Training, the US equivalent of the SAS, could operate at Greenham Common. Col Kennedy stated that he 'had never heard of a person like that'.

Clare Hudson

See *Breaking Barriers* on page 14. Additional information, Duncan Campbell.

US control of cruise to be made absolute

CRUISE and Pershing 2 missiles are to become part of the US operating plan for defence or war, rather than coming under NATO's joint Nuclear Operations Plan. A policy directive issued by the Pentagon earlier this year reveals the US intention of bringing medium and long range missiles under the same plan for the first time.

The Defense Guidance for the fiscal years 1985-89, reported in the US Army Times in April says: 'Our nuclear forces must be governed by a single coherent policy . . . Thus, we must not impose any arbitrary division between categories of nuclear weapons systems which would constrain their effective, coordinated employment.'

This directive underlines the worthlessness of what Michael He-

seltine this week described as the 'categorical agreement' with the US to consult with the British government over the use of cruise missiles. This would only be remotely possible if cruise's targetting were to be planned by NATO in its separate Nuclear Operations Plan.

Mrs Thatcher's understanding of the agreement with the Americans is that 'no nuclear weapon would be fired or launched from British territory without the agreement of the British Prime Minister'. This would put cruise in a separate category of US weapons, whereas the Pentagon clearly do not want any such 'arbitrary division' imposed.

The present arrangement is that NATO weapons are targetted by NATO in close co-operation with the US, and although the two

planning systems are closely linked, they are still separate. Now the Pentagon is saying that US strategic command in Omaha should impose a 'single coherent policy'.

Dr Paul Rogers, of the School of Peace Studies at Bradford University, said: 'This appears to rule out not just the veto on the use of cruise, but any process of consultation.'

John Rentoul

Arson attack feared in East End

FIREFIGHTERS who investigated the fire in London's East End, in which five Asian women died last week, have criticised the local police for having ruled out the possibility of arson.

The women were employed by D.K. Netaware, owned by Gurdev Singh (two of whose daughters died in the fire). Concern about the deaths has concentrated on the conditions at the factory and, in general, on the unregulated sweat shops that are rife in the clothing trade.

However, it is the police's early ruling out of the possibility of arson which has concerned the Fire Brigades Union (FBU). They issued a statement on Monday this week urging the police to investigate fully the possibility of arson. According to FBU Divisional Secretary, Pat McNamee, the 'fire was extremely intense and spread much faster than is usual.' In fact, local people have said that the first indication of the fire was not smoke but a 'whoosh' of something exploding followed by flames belching from the windows and doorway. When the fire brigade arrived, four minutes after the call, the entire stairwell had collapsed.

Jim Rodgers, the FBU spokesman on Tower Hamlets Trades Council, said 'we get around 3,000 calls a year at Bethnal Green fire station but this fire stands out as extremely unusual.' The local Trades Council and Asian Community feel there is a particular need to consider the possibility of arson – especially before clues are obliterated – because of the high incidence of racial attack in the area. In nearby Walthamstow, the Khan family – a mother and three children – were burnt to death in a fire that was later established to be an arson attack. Dan Jones of the Trades Council says there are now 'many highly-skilled arsonists belonging to lunatic paramilitary fascist groups around.'

Amrit Wilson

TV Eye's reconstruction of the scene of the crime



Militant falls divided

IF KINNOCK'S election has spread peace over most of the Labour Party, small points of rebellion are still bursting out. The General Committee of Hammersmith Labour Party has decided, on the casting vote of the chairperson, not to expel Militant Editorial Board member Keith Dickinson. This result was predicted; unlike some of his colleagues, Dickinson has been an active party member and Hammersmith has consistently opposed any action against Militant members.

Should the NEC decide to enforce its authority, it can, if the worst comes to the worst, wind up the Hammersmith CLP. This would mean depriving Clive Soley MP — who achieved one of the smallest anti-Labour swings in the South at the last election — and Jo Richardson MP, newly appointed Women's Affairs spokeswoman, of their membership.

Two more of the original Militant Five, Clare Doyle and Lyn Walsh, have already quietly ceased to be Labour Party members. Their CLP, Norwood in South London, 'reluctantly' agreed last spring to accept the NEC decision that they should be expelled. The third CLP concerned, Islington South, has not changed its position either since conference, and this means that they are continuing to defy the NEC by keeping Peter Taaffe and Ted Grant as members. Unless they meet to reconsider their decision, the inexorable next steps will also lead to the disbanding of the Islington South party, throwing out of membership, amongst others, their new MP Chris Smith, many of Islington's famous radical councillors including leader Margaret Hodge, the redoubtable leader of ILEA, Frances Morrell, and ex-New Statesman editor Bruce Page.

Would the remaining Militant Three not do the Labour Party a favour and, to avoid further damaging disputes, quietly resign of their own accord? A spokesman said they would indeed consider this but added schizophrenically that Peter Taaffe had pledged, if expelled, to devote 20 per cent of his time fighting for re-admission and 80 per cent of his time to fighting the Tories. A campaign for re-instatement would therefore seem unlikely to succeed.

Other than that, the most stalwart stand against Militant has been taken by the shopworkers' union USDAW which has instructed all its members not to allow Militant meetings or publications anywhere near them. In general all the publicity, said a Militant spokesman, had led to an increase in the circulation of *Militant* newspaper.

Frank Lee

MISCELLANY

Keep it quiet

The *Guardian* moves in a rather mysterious way these days. On Tuesday the *Daily Express* devoted most of its front page to a story revealing that 'a furious Mrs Thatcher' had ordered 'an immediate investigation' into the leaking to the *Guardian* of a 'secret letter' from Michael Heseltine to her. Quite true. But the leak itself, in Monday's *Guardian*, was rather less spectacular. The letter was tucked away on page 2 of the paper, and the only other reference to it was a tiny paragraph at the very foot of the front page. A little odd, considering that (to quote the *Express*) 'it is the first time such a high-level document has been leaked'. . . The



letter was circulated only to a few top civil servants and Ministers and would normally have stayed secret for 30 years. This one stayed secret for 11 days'. But here's the rub. The 'secret letter' actually arrived in the *Guardian* office on 21 October. Later editions of the next day's paper carried a front-page 'exclusive' about cruise missiles. Although we can now see that the story was based entirely on the letter, it made no mention of any such document (the nearest it came was in the following weasel phrase: 'Mr Michael Heseltine is believed to have advised the Prime Minister that . . .'). Nine days then passed before the *Guardian* finally printed the letter, *sotto voce*. All most mysterious.

Blocking the line

Mrs Thatcher not only refuses to travel on trains, but also wants to stop other people from using them as well. Earlier this week the new transport secretary, Nicholas Ridley, agreed to electrify the 33-mile commuter line from Tonbridge to Hastings. British Rail first asked permission to electrify the line a year ago. No other investment submission has ever waited so long for a decision. The reason is that Mrs Thatcher was personally con-

sulted over the £24 million plan and tried to stop no fewer than three ministers of transport from giving British Rail permission. Only pressure from the local MP, Kenneth Warren (Con., Hastings) saved the day.

Not quite accurate

We have already noticed errors and omissions in *The Military Balance*, an arms race fact-book published every year by the prestigious International Institute for Strategic Studies (NS 14 and 21 October), and it would be churlish to point out one more. So let's be churlish. This year's *Military Balance* gives the same figure for the accuracy of Russian SS20 missiles as in previous years, even though official Pentagon sources said this February that the SS20 was only half as accurate as they had thought. Page 119 of *The Military Balance* gives the SS20's circular area probable (CEP) as 400 metres — that is, 50 per cent of warheads are expected to land within 400 metres of target. But the official US *Air Force Magazine* said in its March 1983 edition that the SS20's CEP was 'about 2,500 feet (762 metres) when fired from its tracked carrier-launcher'. This change was noticed by the *Guardian* and the *Observer*. But not, apparently, the IISS. For comparison, cruise missiles have a CEP of less than 50 metres; NATO's Poseidon missiles, which have been deployed since 1971, have a CEP of 450 metres. In other words, NATO already has (and has had for 12 years) missiles which are almost twice as accurate as SS20s.

Marble wall

This column will never again make the cheap jibe that the SDP has no policies. The British Committee for the Restitution of the Parthenon Marbles has just received a letter from Dr David Owen in which he makes the mould-breakers' attitude clear: 'I do think that in view of the unique and very special nature of the Parthenon marbles there is a very strong case indeed for the restitution of these marbles to Greece.' Nevertheless, the parliamentary campaign for repatriation of the marbles will not be easy. When their noble lordships debated the matter last week, peer after peer rose to say that if the marbles ever left the British Museum it would bring about the end of civilisation as we know it. A goodly number of these lords, it turned out, were trustees of the British Museum.

Channel ferry

It's been an unhappy first birthday for Channel 4. The *New Statesman* printed an account of the censorship of *Crucible*. The *Guardian* ran a long piece by Ken Loach

accusing C4 of censoring his programme. And the very last edition of *The Friday Alternative* got accidentally held over from prime-time last Friday evening to Saturday afternoon. This programme included a 14-minute item about Channel 4 itself; on the night before it was scheduled to appear, C4 asked for a dozen changes to be made, which set back the finishing time to 6.30pm on Friday — only an hour before transmission. At 7.30 the programme hadn't arrived, and an embarrassed C4 explained that it wasn't because of censorship but because the motorcyclist had got lost somewhere between Diverse and the Channel 4 offices. True, but there would never have been such a rush if C4 hadn't insisted on so many alterations.

Channel 4 and Diverse have now worked out a deal for a different series, and Diverse's executive producer, David Graham, promises that the new show will be 'hard-hitting and tough'. We shall follow its career with interest.

Eastern promise

Can we expect a 'thaw' in the *Spectator's* coverage of China? Last weekend the paper's owner, Algy Cluff, signed a deal in Peking which he thinks will bring him more than 500 million barrels of oil from the Yellow Sea. At least the petropounds should enable him to replace the goods and chattels which he has given away to readers of his periodical. Last year he handed over several oil paintings as prizes in a *Spectator* competition. This year he has sacrificed his 1934 Daimler limousine. Next year . . . a Ming vase, perhaps?

Treason and plot

Remember, remember the fifth of November — and while you're about it you might care to join a little known campaign for the revival of the special Church of England service 'to be used yearly upon the fifth day of November; For the happy deliverance of the King, and the three Estates of the Realm, from the most traitorous and bloody intended Massacre by Gunpowder'. An Anglican spokesperson told us that the service 'fell into disuse in the 19th century and was taken out of the prayer-book in Queen Victoria's reign'. This should make it all the more attractive to Margaret 'Victorian values' Thatcher. But stay: the service refers to 'a horrible and wicked enterprise' to lay 'the snares of death' for people 'appointed as sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the example of former ages'. If Michael Heseltine gets his skates on, the cruise missiles may arrive in time for the service to be celebrated at Greenham Common.

Models of healthy campaigns

THE CAMPAIGN to defend the health service is beginning to reach the parts other labour movement campaigns can't reach this week, as the local-based Who Cares? campaign in Oxford launches itself on the national stage and the Labour Party is 'on the move' with its touring campaign ambulance.

The Who Cares? campaign, initiated by Oxford health unions, launches its Charter on Thursday, at the same time as Neil Kinnock is unveiling the Labour Party's, and it is expected that many of the unions will take up the themes of Who Cares? nationally.

Full-time co-ordinator Phil Fryer says the main aim of Who Cares? is to democratise health authorities. The campaign had its origin in the proposed £12 million cuts in the Oxford health region in September 1982, when the unions realised that they had to widen the defence of their jobs to the defence of the NHS as a whole, and to involve political and community groups. But a conference in Oxford in February concluded that it was no use simply defending the NHS as it is; the NHS had to be made accountable downwards to the people rather than just upwards to the Secretary of State.

The short-term objectives are to obtain more power for the members of health authorities (as opposed to the stronger management urged by the Griffiths report) and to set up health committees in local councils to provide a link between district health authorities and elected local government.

The strategic aim is to join up with other local-based campaigns and to provide what Fryer calls 'the kernel of a broad alliance around the health issue'.

Already Who Cares? has linked up with the Labour Party's campaign, whose 'Save our health service' ambulance visits Oxford this weekend, before going on an extensive tour of the country. The ambulance, which the Labour Party has actually bought, is the first sign of the new approach to campaigning promised by Kinnock. But it also reflects a response to the grassroots campaigns that have suddenly gathered force since the general election, because it will tour the country providing back-up and continuity to local campaigns.

Trade unions are playing the key role in local campaigns, and many of them have seized the opportunity to be identified with a popular cause. Terry Comerford, national officer of ASTMS, which claims 25,000 members in the NHS, says: 'Our line as a union has changed from defending jobs to defending the NHS.' ASTMS has taken the lead, for example, on the Joint Shop Stewards Committee in



Neil Kinnock, ready to launch the new-style campaigning Labour Party - but will its views on health care take in 'democracy'?

Hammersmith where a broad-based 'NHS Defence Campaign' was launched last month.

The reason so much work has gone into the Who Cares? campaign is that the ten unions on the Oxford regional joint committee, uniquely, negotiate their own terms of employment (the rest of the NHS is negotiated by national Whitney councils), and so had a well-developed joint structure and were well-informed about the details of health authority finance. Who Cares? hopes to become the model for local union and community campaigns and have already sent out 400 'campaign packs' to unions in other areas.

Last into the fray is traditional unionism, in the form of the TUC. The health services committee has written to Norman Fowler 'to underline the urgent necessity for adequate funding of the health service'. The committee has no plans to meet again until just before Christmas.

John Rentoul

Ridley spoils for a fight

BY SLASHING the government's support to British Rail by more than £200 million in three years, Nicholas Ridley, the new transport secretary, may well be trying to provoke a confrontation with the unions. The confrontation is one that Ridley believes he can win, whatever the disruption the commuters will have to bear.

Ridley spelt out this strategy in an internal Tory policy paper in 1978. The paper analysed the run

in with the miners in 1973/4 and the subsequent election defeat. In his paper Ridley said that the government should pick a confrontation with the unions it could beat.

Ridley divided the nationalised industries into three. In the first group came the miners - where the government should back down. In the second group came the railway unions, a typical example of the sort of union which the government ought to take on.

British Rail's corporate plan, which was published two months ago, proposed cutting government cash for the railways by £220 million over the next five years. This was already a highly optimistic target, although it did have the virtue that the target would not become patently impossible until the second half of the five-year period. Ridley has kept the same cash target but brought it forward two years, from 1988 to 1986. British Rail will now be £100 million worse off in 1986 than it expected to be.

Two major consequences follow from this cut. The first is that a significant number of railway lines will be closed and replaced by buses. In a letter to BR chairman Bob Reid, Ridley says he does not intend to carry out 'a programme of major route closures'. He does,

however, urge BR to replace some rail lines with 'guaranteed and subsidised substitute bus services, where they could be appropriate on local transport and value for money grounds.'

These words repay closer scrutiny. Replacing trains with buses does not mean closing a 'route'. Among the likely candidates for replacement buses are the routes to Sheringham, Bishop Auckland, North Berwick and Ashford to Hastings.

The second consequence will be industrial unrest. The only way to meet Ridley's target is to get rid of 15,000 jobs, or about 10 per cent of the railway workforce. Inevitably, some of these would be compulsory redundancies. Industrial action by the unions, even if unsuccessful, will prevent BR meeting government financial targets. Last year's strikes cost the railways £120 million. Road hog Ridley appears to have set up this union to take the blame for government decisions even before they do anything.

How the plans compare Government grant in £m.

	1983	1986	1988
BR plan	960	736	639
Ridley's target	960	635	?

Mick Hamer

Private contractors turn on each other

EXCLUSIVE Cleaning Services, the market leader in privatised street cleaning contracts, has attacked two of its main competitors, Pritchards and Taskmasters. It says their approach to private cleansing 'involves using inadequate numbers of people, paying the lowest possible rates of pay, giving poor conditions of service (eg no pension benefits), using old vehicles maintained to minimum standards, and generally keeping costs at an absolute rock-bottom level'.

Although this gives high initial savings, says Exclusive, 'experience now shows that it also results in declining levels of service'. Pritchards and Taskmasters (part of the Swiss-owned Alfred Marks group) are not referred to by name but Exclusive identifies the low-cost approach with 'at least two of the major companies' in the private cleansing industry and says the residents of the London boroughs of Wandsworth and Merton 'will confirm the problems which arise when decisions are taken to use such contractors'. The streets of the two boroughs are cleaned by Pritchards and Taskmasters respectively.

The attack came in a letter from Exclusive technical director R. T. Cresswell to Gloucester's City Engi-

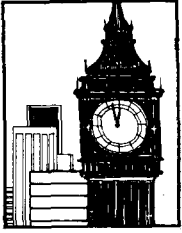
neer, in support of Exclusive's tender for the City's street cleaning and refuse collection contract. Four other firms tendered for the contract, which was recently won by the Council's employees at a saving of £140,000 or 17 per cent, and a loss of 14 jobs.

A spokesman for Pritchards said Exclusive's criticisms were 'not even worth commenting on'. He said that although Wandsworth council had just sacked them from the gardens contract, it was satisfied with their performance on the separate street cleaning contract. This has not always been true. In June this year, Pritchards having again run up enough penalty points for the council to terminate the contract, two penalty-free areas were set up so that staff could be given 'intensive training'.

Taskmasters managing director Philip Lloyd dismissed Exclusive's allegation that they paid low wages as 'absolute rubbish'. He claimed that his employees in Merton were paid 25 per cent more than council employees. He took the opportunity to take a sideswipe at another competitor, saying that Exclusive were trying to confuse Taskmasters, who do Merton's street cleaning, with Academy, who clean Merton's schools, and about whom there have been many complaints.

However, Taskmasters were in trouble with the street cleaning contract in August, when they were fined £14,500 for failing to clean to the required standard and had to take on more staff.

John Rentoul



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

So we mistrust Reagan — what do we do about it?

IN NORMAL TIMES Michael Heseltine's weak performance in the cruise missile debate at the House of Commons on Monday would matter little. All ministers have off days as well as on days. As long as they do not provoke manifest ridicule, or a backbench revolt, they need not worry.

But these are not normal times. One by one the senior ministers who persuaded voters of their unity, sagacity and competence just five months ago have been struck down, as if by some contagious political curse. Francis Pym — sacked; William Whitelaw — pensioned off to the Lords; Leon Brittan — humbled by the hanging debate; Norman Fowler — enfeebled by the health cuts; Cecil Parkinson — forced to resign; Sir Geoffrey Howe — humiliated over Grenada.

By the beginning of this week only two of Mrs Thatcher's election-winning front-line squad could still appear on the Commons front bench and command respect from the Tory MPs behind them: Norman Tebbit and Michael Heseltine. Unless Heseltine does better in the next few weeks, only Tebbit may survive the curse untouched.

Before Labour and the Alliance rejoice too extravagantly, however, it is worth looking a little closer at the nature of Heseltine's malady. It is different from his colleagues'; and, instead of spreading to other ministers, it may cross the Commons and afflict Labour and the Alliance parties next. For Heseltine has fallen victim not to an accident, or an indiscretion, or the disapproval of the Prime Minister. Instead he has stumbled over the fundamental contradictions in the government's defence policy. Unfortunately for the opposition parties, their own contradictions are no less serious. Heseltine was caught out this week; but unless they sort out their own ideas, their turns will come.

The contradiction at the heart of the government's own policy is straightforward enough. It existed at the time of the election; unfortunately Labour failed to exploit it and Sir Robin Day failed to pursue it on the one occasion that I can recall Thatcher looking uncomfortable during any of her election interviews. On Monday it was raised again, this time by Paddy Ashdown, the new Liberal MP for Yeovil.

Ashdown's question was this: how can the government reconcile a nuclear policy that: (a) requires absolute trust in the Americans not to launch cruise missiles from Britain without British approval, but which: (b) displays sufficient *mistrust* of the good faith of the US to defend Britain to require the possession of our own deter-

rent? Nobody on the government benches could give a sensible answer, for the simple reason that there is none to give.

Grenada, of course, has heightened the problem. Last week's invasion could be held to strengthen the case for Polaris, and even Trident, on the grounds that we must be able to contend with some future, far more serious, rupture with America. But on identically the same argument, a dual key guarantee for cruise missiles would be essential. It was scarcely surprising that Heseltine spoke about the Americans on Monday with all the confidence of a boy, doubled-up in pain, speaking out in defence of the school bully.

THE ALLIANCE'S difficulties over defence policy are different from the Conservatives', but no less awkward. Its amendment to the main government motion on Monday ducked the issue of whether to support or oppose cruise in principle; instead it argued for immediate negotiations with the Americans 'on the basis of the United States' offer for the installation at British expense of a dual-key system for any cruise missiles based in the United Kingdom'.

This amendment, in the name of all Liberal and SDP MPs with the exception of Cyril Smith, failed to make clear what the Alliance's policy would be should negotiations over dual key fail. We can infer from David Owen's speech to the SDP conference in Salford six weeks ago that cruise should still come. He warned the SDP not to make 'a decision to reject cruise missiles purely and simply on the issue of the dual key': the electorate, he argued, would condemn such a posture 'as a cynical way of treating one of the most crucial defence decisions that has faced this country for many years.'

This kind of statement makes Liberals uncomfortable. Paddy Ashdown, for example, would agree with Owen's specific point, but not his general conclusions. Ashdown spoke at CND's rally in Hyde Park two weeks ago in opposition to cruise. Along with most other Liberals he regards the presence of the missiles in Britain as a fearfully risky escalation in the arms race. But unlike many other Liberals his opponents will have difficulty in branding him as some kind of ignorant pacifist.

In the 1960s Ashdown served as a commando in the marines and saw action in both Borneo and the Arabian Gulf. In the mid-seventies he served as a diplomat in Geneva, and helped to prepare Britain's case at the East-West negotiations at Helsinki. He is not an easy man to flatten — whether he is dissecting the contradictions

in the government's argument, or haggling with the SDP over the Alliance's stand.

So where does the Alliance stand on cruise? On the basis of its record over the last few days, it looks uncannily like the Labour Party on Polaris in the run-up to the general election: it would rather not have cruise, would like disarmament negotiations to succeed in removing the need for the missiles, but has no agreed policy on what to do should negotiations fail. And like the Labour Party it has evolved a form of words that seeks to conceal rather than close the gap between the rival positions.

Given the Tories' discomfiture and the Alliance's fudge over defence policy — and the fact that Labour has taken a clear, united and consistent line over cruise — it may seem unfair to criticise the people's party this week too. But needs must.

Four propositions about Labour and defence would, I think, be broadly accepted. First, Labour failed to present a coherent defence policy at the general election. Second, because of this, Labour lost votes. Third, Labour needs to reconcile different views inside the party more robustly than it has done over the past three years. Fourth, it hasn't yet properly begun to do so.

There will, I fear, be many opportunities in the next two or three years to pick over the entrails of Labour's internal debate. As time passes the question of Polaris is likely to become less and less important, except as a residual symbol of left-right disagreement. The real questions will be: are we serious about achieving a non-nuclear defence policy? What precise relationship with NATO and the US do we aspire to? How, in practice, do we achieve it? One needs to do no more than pose the questions to show how far Labour is from having a real, let alone vote-winning defence policy.

By policy, I mean a programme of action that sets out not only the party's objectives, but the means by which, in the real, rough world we share, we set about achieving those objectives. The distinction between policy *objectives* and policy *means* is crucial to the political process — especially for a party that seeks radical change. Yet Labour often ignores this distinction in its internal debates. On defence, the first glimmerings of a new discussion about objectives are visible — for example at a Fabian seminar in London last Saturday. For the time being, however, Labour has no clear view of how our relations with the US should now proceed. It ought not to be a reason for smug satisfaction that neither the Tories nor the Alliance have a clear view either. □

Controlling the Caribbean

Fred Halliday describes why many Caribbean governments accept the policing role of the US

THE US INTERVENTION in Grenada bears many of the hallmarks of American counter-revolutionary intervention since 1945. In the first place, it has been sold to the US public and to the world by lies. The deployment of US combat troops in Vietnam in 1965 was, as we now know, preceded by several faked incidents, allegedly involving North Vietnamese naval forces in the Gulf of Tonkin and off the coast of South Vietnam. The invasion of Grenada was justified by Reagan in his initial statement by a set of excuses none of which has turned out to be true: that US citizens were in danger of being held hostage; that Cuban forces were about to take over the island; that the weapons on Grenada were to be shipped to 'terrorists' elsewhere.

Prime among Reagan's excuses, however, is the claim that the US forces were invited into Grenada. The host in place, Sir Paul Scoon, has emerged from days of detention aboard a US aircraft carrier to state that, yes, he did invite the troops in. His letter supposedly doing so was dated October 24 – the Monday before the Tuesday morning invasion. This is nonsense, for two reasons. First, the invasion decision had been taken by Reagan the day before and, secondly, Scoon saw British government representatives on that Monday and relayed no such information to them.

The other excuse is the invitation of the Organisation of Eastern Caribbean States – five of which, together with Jamaica, joined the US in occupying Grenada. Multilateral cosmetics are another stock-in-trade of US interventions. In Korea, the US forces were accompanied by contingents from 15 other states, including Turkey, Ethiopia, South Africa, Thailand and many western European countries. In Vietnam, Korean, Filipino and Thai forces were brought in to back up US forces.

The reasons for Washington wanting this contingent are evident enough: it provides an illusion of multilateral support and a supposed legitimisation. (The Russians used a similar argument when they concocted a Warsaw Pact coalition to invade Czechoslovakia in 1968.) In fact, the OECS constitution, to which these Uncle Tom régimes refer, provides no justification for such an invasion of a member state.

If Washington's needs are evident, there still remains the question of why the OECS states themselves were so eager to offer themselves to Reagan's crusade. None of them could seriously argue that Grenada, whether under Bishop or Hudson Austin, was a direct threat. The real threat came

Taking over
Point Salines



AP

building of the Panama Canal all placed this region under US domination long before Britain began, in 1962, to grant independence to the island colonies.

During World War II, the military position of the US was confirmed by the granting of base rights on the British colonies of the Bahamas, Antigua and Trinidad, as well as in Bermuda, to supplement US forces already deployed in Puerto Rico and at the Guantanamo naval base in Cuba itself. The postwar boom, founded on tourism, oil refining and the narcotics trade, has integrated these islands into the US economy. Cricket and Anglicanism may prevail at the cultural level, but the Eastern Caribbean dollar is tied to its US homonym, and it is US tourists to whom the citizens of the Barbados suburbs of Hastings and Worthing look for their prosperity.

The sharper strategic perception occasioned by the new cold war has, however, been accompanied by recession. Tourism and export earnings have fallen. Social unrest has grown. Of the five states that formed the Caribbean contingent on Grenada, four have in recent years faced internal crisis. Dominica has seen several coup attempts against the government of Mrs Eugenia Charles, and the rounding up, in unpublicised campaigns, of large numbers of suspected opponents. St Vincent saw an attempted Black Power insurrection soon after it became independent in 1979. Jamaica's Edward Seaga was elected to office in October 1980 after an electoral campaign that left several hundred people killed; a recent poll has shown that, if an election were held now, Seaga would be swept out of office by Michael Manley's National Party. St Lucia's prime minister John Compton was elected last year on the platform 'Christians Ever, Communists Never' and ousted a government that had sought to improve ties with Cuba. Barbados, long considered the most tranquil of the Caribbean islands, and the jumping-off point for this US invasion corps, has in the past year seen a marked increase in unemployment.

The US has been intent on showing its concern for these islands in the current international confrontation, and in putting pressure upon them. CIA support for the electoral victories of the current governments in Jamaica, Dominica and St Lucia has been reported. In October 1981, Reagan announced a Caribbean Basin Initiative that would provide economic aid to pro-Washington régimes in the area. With such a string of Ngo Dinh Diems lined up across the Caribbean, it is not surprising that Rea-

from another quarter, and explains why these countries fell into line so quickly. That quarter was the US.

The Caribbean has been under effective US domination since the end of the last century. The seizure of Cuba and Puerto Rico in 1898, the invasions of Haiti and the Dominican Republic which followed, the

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Caribbean States & population

State	Population (1981)
Greater Antilles	
Cuba (Spanish-speaking)	9.9 million
Haiti (French-speaking)	5.5 million
Dominican Republic (Spanish-speaking)	5.5 million
Puerto Rico (Spanish-speaking)	3.2 million
French-speaking	
Martinique	340,000
Guadeloupe	325,000
Guyane	63,000
Dutch-speaking	
Dutch Antilles (Aruba, Curaçao, Bonaire etc)	250,000
Surinam	350,000
More developed	
English-speaking	
Bahamas	213,000
Barbados	250,000
Guyana	795,000
Jamaica	2.2 million
Trinidad & Tobago	1.1 million
Less developed	
English-speaking	
Antigua and Barbuda	76,000
Belize	148,000
Dominica	80,000
Grenada	111,000
Montserrat	12,000
St Kitts/Nevis	49,000
St Lucia	120,000
St Vincent	116,000
British Colonies	
Anguilla	6,600
British Virgin Islands	12,200
Cayman Islands	16,800
Turks & Caicos	7,500

Sources: World of Information, Latin America and the Caribbean 1983; Caribbean Development Bank, Annual Report 1982.

gan was able to win an 'invitation' to invade Grenada.

The logic of the US action has to be seen elsewhere, in the strategic situation facing Reagan at the end of three years in office. The US has not had a clear counter-revolutionary victory since the invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965. That action was rapid and successful; indeed, the emphasis on rapidity has recently been enshrined in the name of the US's new intervention corps: the 'Rapid Deployment Force'. The long list of defeats, among which Vietnam

still ranks as the greatest, has kindled, in the US military and political establishments, a bitter desire for revenge that Grenada has served to express. Reagan's first years in office had not given him such an opportunity. Despite attempts to taunt Gaddafi, the Libyan colonel has avoided direct confrontation. Harassment of such Soviet allies as Cambodia, Afghanistan, South Yemen and Ethiopia has produced little tangible honour. The greater interventionist actions of recent years – of South African into Angola and of Israel into Lebanon – have been carried out with US approval, but without its overt participation. Grenada's internal troubles gave Reagan his chance, and he took it.

The great question-mark is the one that now hangs over US intentions towards Central America. So far, the covert wars being

fought there have not defeated the guerrillas of El Salvador and Guatemala, or cowed Cuba and Nicaragua. Reagan has to double or quit. The most ominous result of the intervention in Grenada is, perhaps, the remark by one US administration official that 'After Grenada, anything goes'. But if the stiff and enduring resistance put up by the small Grenadian and Cuban forces last week is anything to go by, then it will require a force of many tens of thousands of US troops to subdue the Central American revolutions. If Reagan and his associates wish to unlearn the lessons of Vietnam, they may have to be taught them all over again. □

Fred Halliday's overview of recent Caribbean developments, Cold War in the Caribbean, is published in New Left Review 141, September-October 1983.

GRENADA: 2

The Reagan Doctrine

Michael Klare charts the steps – political and military – leading to the US invasion

Washington

THE INVASION OF Grenada by the US was not a capricious move, but a calculated, logical extension of the Reagan Administration's defence policies. For years, Administration officials have suggested that the Cuba-Grenada alliance represented a severe threat to US security, and that extraordinary measures were justified to overcome that threat. Indeed, it is surprising that the Administration did not move *sooner* to carry out its strategic design.

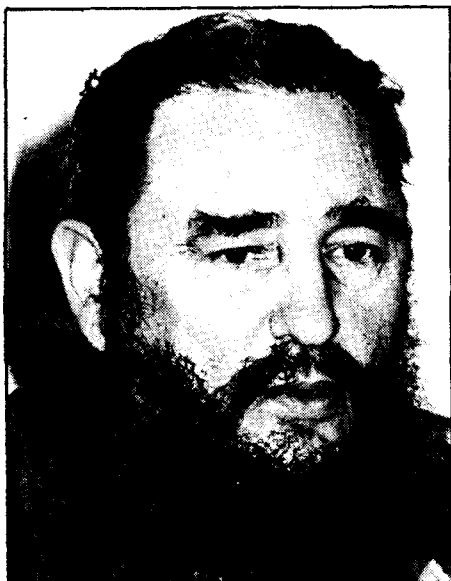
From the start, the Reagan Administration has enunciated a clear and consistent military doctrine. It holds that: (1) America's overseas economic interests are severely threatened by growing rebellion and subversion in the Third World – most of which the Administration attributes to Soviet-Cuban adventurism; (2) such

disorder had been encouraged by US disinclination to use military force in resisting such threats (i.e. the 'Vietnam Syndrome'); (3) it is now imperative that the US actively combat Soviet-inspired insurgency in order to restore the 'credibility' of American power and thereby discourage further threats to US interests. Taken together, these points can now be identified as the 'Grenada Syndrome'.

This doctrine was fully articulated in this Administration's first major statements on defense policy. In a May 1981 address to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger noted: 'We and our allies have come to be critically dependent on places in the world which are subject to great instability.' These instabilities are a significant threat in their own right and, furthermore, 'present a temptation for various forms of Soviet intervention'. Because these threats will multiply without firm American resistance, protecting US security 'means developing urgently a better ability to respond to crises far from our shores, and to stay there as long as necessary'. Ultimately, it means that 'we must be able to defend ourselves in wars of any size and shape and in any region where we have vital interests'.

Weinberger carried this theme even further in an April 1982 speech before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City, where he contended that the Soviets had been 'emboldened by America's post-Vietnam paralysis' to push 'its traditional policy of global expansionism to new dimensions'. Weinberger affirmed that we must not only resist Soviet incursions in the Third





Castro: denies he wants to take over the world

World but begin to roll them back. 'We must be prepared to halt and seek to reverse the geographic expansion of Soviet control and presence, particularly when it threatens a vital interest or further erodes the geostrategic position of the United States and its allies.'

This reference to the 'geostrategic position' of the United States reflects a presumption that the Soviets seek to cripple the West by gaining control over the world's sea lanes and associated maritime 'choke points'. Because the US and its allies are so dependent on imported raw materials, the argument goes, the USSR can gain a 'stranglehold' over the Western economies by 'interdicting' these key trade routes.

Hence, finally, the significance of Grenada. Not only did the Grenadian Revolution of 1979 represent (in Washington's view) a major expansion of Soviet-Cuban influence in the Third World and thus justify military counteraction, but it also represented a *strategic* threat to US interests, because of its pivotal location astride the sea lanes into the Caribbean.

MY FIRST EXPOSURE to the Administration's thinking on Grenada occurred in May 1982, when I interviewed the Commander-in-Chief of the US Caribbean Command, Admiral Robert P. McKenzie. Contending that past US administrations had severely neglected the Caribbean, McKenzie insisted that 'this is an area that is just absolutely vital to the United States of America'. Not only is it the conduit through which much of our imported petroleum and other materials pass on their way to US ports, but it also houses many of the key sea lanes (or SLOCs, for 'sea lines of communication' connecting the United States to its overseas allies. Furthermore, 'the Soviets know this', and have attempted to imperil Western security by developing a capability to interdict the SLOCs in this area. At the heart of the Soviet plan, in his view, was the establishment of military bases at the two ends of the Caribbean – at Cuba in the West and Grenada in the East. Grenada was especially important, he affirmed, because it 'is extremely strategically located in a region

where the sea lanes converge'.

This perception of the strategic situation in the Caribbean underlay the series of military exercises that McKenzie commanded over a two-year period. In the largest of these, 'Operation Ocean Venture 1982', some 45,000 US servicemen participated in manoeuvres in the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico. The purpose of this exercise, he declared, was 'to send a signal to those people who are friends and those who would oppose us in this part of the world that we can project military force'.

At the climax of 'Ocean Venture', 2,000 Marines, aided by Army paratroopers, stormed ashore at 'Blue Beach' on Vieques, an island off the coast of Puerto Rico that is roughly the same size and shape as Grenada. Although no overt correlation was made to 'real world' conditions, it is hard to view the Vieques operation as anything but a practice run for the invasion of Grenada. According to US officials on the scene, the scenario for Ocean Venture called for US forces to seize an airstrip and garrison just inland from Blue Beach – an operation that closely resembled the US landing at Point Salines in Grenada. When asked the purpose of the exercise, my escort, a Colonel Gray of the 82nd Airborne Division, replied: 'So that if we ever have to do it – fight the real thing – we'll be prepared.' (The 82nd Airborne has played a key role in the Grenada operation.)

In the months that followed, it became increasingly apparent that McKenzie's perception of the strategic importance of Grenada was shared by key members of the Administration and, ultimately, by the President himself. In a major address to the National Association of Manufacturers last March, Reagan decried those US lawmakers who denigrated the importance of Grenada because its sole value is as a source of nutmeg. 'People who make these arguments haven't taken a good look at a map lately . . . it is not nutmeg that is at stake in the Caribbean . . . it is the United States national security.'

FOR THOSE familiar with foreign policy formulations, the reference to 'national security' should have produced a shudder of fear – for, by elevating the Grenada situation from a purely local irritation into a matter of US national security, the White House was establishing the political foundation for American intervention.

In case there was any doubt about his intentions, Reagan reiterated this point in his 'Star Wars' speech of 23 March this year. Although most media coverage of this speech focused on his call for the deployment of new weapons in space, Reagan actually devoted as much time to a discussion of the threat posed by Grenada. 'More than half of all American oil imports now pass through the Caribbean,' he said, and this leads us to wonder why the Cubans are building a 10,000-foot runway on the island. This facility 'is unrelated to any potential threat to this island country'.

Finally, in his speech to a Joint Session of Congress on 27 April, Reagan completed his

case against Grenada. Referring again to the Cuban-built airfield at Point Salines, he suggested that the Soviets would use this facility to block US reinforcements to Europe and the Middle East in the event of a major war. Grenada was thus a threat not only to the Caribbean, but to NATO and all other US commitments abroad. 'If we cannot defend ourselves [in this area], he declared, 'we cannot expect to prevail elsewhere. Our credibility would collapse, our alliances would crumble, and the safety of our homeland would be put at jeopardy.'

Viewed from this perspective, the US invasion of Grenada is not an isolated event, but a possible harbinger of similar US moves elsewhere. Indeed, at this very moment, US forces are poised for possible intervention in the Strait of Hormuz, should Iran carry out its threat to block the Strait in retaliation for Iraqi missile attacks on its surviving oil installations. A very large US force is also to be deployed in Honduras as part of Operation 'Big Pine II', and it is not unlikely that CIA-supported commandos will use this occasion to precipitate a direct US clash with Sandinista forces in Nicaragua – thereby providing the pretext for full-scale US intervention. US military action is also possible in the event of a further deterioration of the political situation inside the Philippines – site of the most important US naval base in the Pacific – and in response to any further Libyan moves in North Africa.

Clearly, the Reagan Administration views the Grenada operation as a test both of military doctrine and of domestic political sentiment. If the US reaction to the invasion is circumscribed or muted, the Administration will be persuaded that the Vietnam Syndrome has finally been extinguished and that public opinion is primed for an interventionist policy – the Grenada Doctrine – on a global basis. If, however, the reaction is strongly negative, the Administration may be deterred from pursuing this policy. In the final analysis, the Grenada action is a sort of plebiscite on future US military policy. Its outcome will have profound significance for the entire world. □

Michael T. Klare is a Fellow of the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington DC and the author of several books including Beyond the Vietnam Syndrome – US Interventionism in the 1980s.

THIS ENGLAND

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□ Islington decided earlier this year to twin with Grenada. It is to send redundant dustcarts to help the island's struggling economy. – *Daily Telegraph* (R.A. England)

□ An application to open a West Indian restaurant in Lambeth received unexpected support from Tory councillor David Moore at a planning sub-committee on the grounds that it would be 'a major contribution to race relations'. How so? 'It will prove,' said Mr Moore, 'that West Indians do not eat fried dogs.' – *Guardian* (D. Herman)

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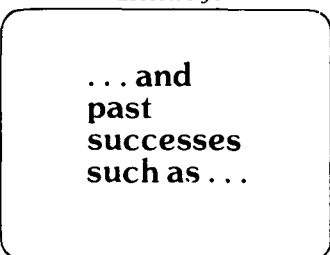
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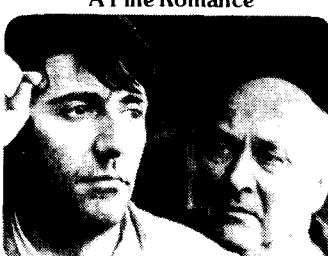
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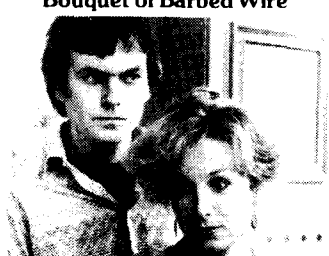
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Tell that to the marines

Claudia Wright reports on the temporary gains in popularity military adventures bring to presidents

Washington

THE LARGE NUMBER of Americans who appear to be supporting President Reagan's invasion of Grenada should not lead the White House to conclude that the 'big lie' technique, and the media blackout that accompanied it, have been effective. On the contrary, for as long as it lasted, the censorship left the US media with no alternative but to play honest – thus bringing about the fastest ever collapse of a White House cover story.

Less than 40 minutes after the President's first public statement on the invasion, television reports had demonstrated that Americans in Grenada were in no danger until the invasion itself; that Grenada had been returning to normal and the airport open to flights the day before the troop landings; that the Caribbean states' request for US military help, even if it hadn't been manufactured by Washington, was illegal. The replacement lies – that the Soviets and Cubans were building a vast military establishment to take over the island and its neighbours; that there had been a secret request for intervention from the Grenadian governor-general; that there had been threats to take American hostages – took longer for the media to expose. But, within hours of Mr Reagan's second speech, on 27 October, there was no truth left in the claims he had made to justify the military operation.

For more than half the country; however, the polls suggest that this didn't matter – and, at the White House, this domestic poll result was all that counted. But if this spasm convinces the Administration that it now enjoys a popular mandate for military retaliation in Lebanon, or open warfare against Nicaragua, then it will be misreading the lessons of every major American military adventure in the last 25 years.

Comparing the Grenada invasion to other US interventions since 1958, the Reagan action turns out to be one of the least popular (see table). Only President Nixon's invasion of Eastern Cambodia in April 1970

attracted less approval; while President Johnson's invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965 was not only far more popular, but, militarily speaking, better executed. The Grenadian invasion has cost at least 20 American soldiers' lives in the first week, several more than were lost in the much longer Dominican operation.

Mr Reagan has had, however, an extraordinary stroke of short-run luck. The disaster at Beirut has made the misjudgement in Grenada look like a success. For at least two of his advisors, there will be a strong temptation to overestimate their freedom of action in the coming weeks. They are Colonel Robert McFarlane, the National Security Advisor, and Donald Rumsfeld, a former Defence Secretary who is likely to become the President's new Middle East negotiator.

A major figure in the Grenada operation, McFarlane played a more modest role in the military intervention of the Ford presidency – the Marine assault to rescue the crewmen of the American merchant vessel *SS Mayaguez* in May 1975. About his experience in that affair, McFarlane wrote that it had resulted in a lift of 12 percentage points in President Ford's popularity. He omitted to mention that the gain was brief – within six months of the incident, the President had lost most of it, and, within 18 months, the presidency itself.

The opinion polls show that the improvement in public approval of Mr Reagan's conduct of foreign policy is unlikely to be more stable than his predecessors' in similar crises. The 11-point jump in Reagan's popularity is less than Ford's gain after *Mayaguez* and equal to President Kennedy's support after the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion in Cuba. They are notably smaller than the 13 to 17-point leaps for Kennedy after he resolved the 1962 Cuban missile crisis without military action; for President Johnson when he stopped the bombing of North Vietnam in 1968; and for President Nixon after he concluded the Vietnam peace agreement in 1973. Nevertheless, it is likely that McFarlane has persuaded Reagan that his

instinct for confrontation and revenge are electoral assets. He certainly favours military retaliation for the bombing in Beirut.

Donald Rumsfeld can be just as persuasive. Although he too played only a minor part in the *Mayaguez* affair – he was the White House Chief of Staff – Rumsfeld cleverly manipulated public approval of Ford's action to make the President look independent of the influence of his Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger. He also used the *Mayaguez* incident to promote his own ambitions at Kissinger's expense. Now he wants the Middle East job as a stepping stone to succeed George Shultz as Secretary of State in 1985, and to position himself for the Republican presidential race in 1988.

American foreign policy is thus being driven by schemers whose careers have been advanced by military adventurism. They aren't likely to be held back by the inevitable reversal in public approval, because it moves too slowly. Their game is the short-run one of collecting their winnings – getting the President re-elected and themselves promoted – before the odds catch up with them. □

WEST GERMANY

Safety in numbers

Tony Catterall on a new study of European national security

Cologne

THE WEST GERMAN peace movement, having brought unprecedented numbers on to the streets last month to oppose the planned stationing of cruise and Pershing II missiles, is at present riding high. With few exceptions, however, there is little thought for what is to come next; what tactics to adopt once the (almost) inevitable happens and the missiles begin to be deployed.

Such a move as that announced in Ottawa by the Nato Nuclear Planning Group – to remove 1,400 nuclear warheads from Europe – is dismissed by the radicals, who want a nuclear-free Europe now, as a public-relations exercise or an irrelevancy. But, for one group, which tries to work within the bounds of reality, it is a step in the right direction. At the same time as the Nato NPG decision was announced, the Peace Research Institute at Tübingen University in West Germany coincidentally published its latest study on security in Europe. Simply stated, it concludes that the continent would be a safer place without short- or medium-range nuclear weapons of any kind.

For Tübingen's Professor Volker Rittberger, the coincidence shows that his institute is working along the right lines. He told the *New Statesman*: 'The Nato decision indicates that the utility function of such warheads is no longer recognised for war-

The popularity of presidential interventions (in per cent)

	Eisenhower <i>Beirut</i>	Kennedy <i>Bay of Pigs</i>	Johnson <i>Tonkin Gulf</i>	Johnson <i>Dominican Republic</i>	Nixon <i>Cambodia</i>	Carter <i>Iran</i>	Reagan <i>Grenada</i>
	1958	1961	1964	1965	1970	1980	1983
APPROVE	59	61	71	76	56	71	57
DISAPPROVE	27	15	16	17	32	18	35
UNDECIDED	12	24	13	7	12	11	8

fighting purposes.'

It is with 'war-fighting' that the Peace Research Institute is immediately concerned, not with the wider question of deterrence. The study does not recommend, for instance, that the present nuclear powers – including Britain and France – should give up their nuclear weapons, particularly not their sea-based second strike capabilities which are 'an important political – not military deterrent.' But from the point of view of security in Europe, it argues that a non-nuclear policy offers the least risks. 'We started from the premise that there is no risk-free security policy,' Professor Rittberger said. 'But compare the present Nato policies – relying on a nuclear war-fighting capability – with one based on no nuclear weapons. It is obvious that the latter is decidedly less risky.'

The study used four criteria: deterrence and crisis stability; minimising war damage; East-West détente; the preservation of national political autonomy ('which must be the aim of any defence strategy'). A non-nuclear policy for Europe meets all of them, whereas the use – or threatened use – of battlefield or tactical nuclear weapons meets none.

It is a fact of which the West German government is well aware, hence the official welcome for the Nato NPG decision and the emphasis in Bonn that not *all* of the war-heads concerned are obsolete: Bonn would like to see more, if not all, removed. At the same time, it is committed to deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles as an expression of its allegiance to the West in general and Nato in particular.

Which is where the rest of the Tübingen study points a way to the future, if only the peace movement would take it up. According to Professor Rittberger, Nato is an important grouping, but, in one respect at least, its unity needs to be broken. The Institute recommends that the non-nuclear Nato countries get together to agree on policies which would not lead to their total destruction in the event of war; and then to negotiate over these with their nuclear partners. Such intra-Nato negotiations are seen in Tübingen as being of more importance than general East-West contacts, as the old theory of deterrence gives 'some protection' to the nuclear powers.

In its last section, the report addresses the peace movement directly, saying that innovations in security policy cannot be pushed through by avoiding the State. It criticises the 'immobilisation of the present government', but also sees a danger of the peace movement 'exhausting itself in actionism'. The study concludes: 'The expectation for change must be brought into the institutions of society, such as the political parties, the trades unions and the churches. All must work together towards a new majority.'

That majority does exist, with over 70 per cent of the West German population being opposed to new nuclear weapons being stationed here. As opposed to the leading elements of the peace movement, however, the Tübingen study also takes account of the fact that a majority still favours membership of Nato. □

New Statesman 4 November 1983

RICHARD COBB
THE POLICE AND THE PEOPLE
FRENCH POPULAR PROTEST 1789-187

Lawrence Stone
The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800

TIMES NEWSPAPERS LIMITED
MEMORANDUM

From **The Editor** To **The Promotions Dept.**

Is the "new history" getting old?

The war between the "old history" with its emphasis on politics and narrative and the "new history" allied to economics, sociology and anthropology has dominated historical scholarship for more than a generation. Until recently the "new history" seemed to be winning. But the tide may be turning. In The Times Higher Education Supplement this week six historians – Hugh Trevor-Roper, Royden Harrison, Keith Thomas, Ralph Davis, John Roberts and Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie – contribute to a symposium on the "new history".

Also in this week's issue:
K. O. Morgan on Keynes
Student numbers:
the UGC verdict

The Times Higher Education Supplement
On sale at newsagents 50p

GREENHAM COMMON

Breaking barriers

Arrested for cutting the fence, Lynne Jones describes how police saw her 'disobedience'

'I DO BASICALLY agree with your principles, I'll admit that to anyone. I don't want to be blown up by a bomb, but we have a job to do.' The young, fair-haired constable sitting beside me in a police van in Newbury police station car park had two hours previously arrested me for possessing a pair of bolt cutters and causing criminal damage to the fence at Greenham Common Airbase.

It had, compared to some women's experience, been quite a nice arrest. I had been cutting for at least 20 minutes, while two MOD police, glum and perplexed looking, held firmly onto the fence on the other side – torn between pushing at it to shake me off and holding fast to prevent other women from shaking it down. Wire cutting is very tiring if you are as unpractised as I am, and my arms felt more and more like cotton wool. So when the officer, playing it by the book, took my arm and said, 'I am arresting you for possessing a pair of bolt croppers, mumble mumble . . . said will be taken down in evidence . . .' in a rather hurried mutter, I was quite glad to stop; though sad when another officer deftly fielded my cutters before another woman could pick them up.

Further along, a red-bearded sergeant had brought Jane to the ground in a rugby tackle, bruising and stunning her so that she got into the van loudly and quite justifiably complaining. The sergeant was apologetic, however, and, by the time three more women had been collected, Jane had, in between waving supporters away and telling them to 'pull it down, pull it down,' restored everyone's good humour by a rendering of 'Women won the struggle for Greenham when the fence came tumbling down.'

Now, sitting in the car park, sharing one officer's cigarettes, we were discussing cruise missiles and the police force. It was clear from the conversation that the officers didn't much like the idea of the missiles. I asked mine why he joined the force – at 20, he had been in it for four years. 'I thought it was worthwhile, you're sorting out problems, solving them.' 'By arresting us?' I asked. 'Well, that is helping others. You're breaking the law and, from where I'm sitting, I have got to.' 'But how do bad laws change if people don't challenge them? How do you think slavery was abolished? That was legal once.' 'I wouldn't have been a policeman then,' he replied.

'The thing is,' Jane pointed out firmly, 'There's going to be more and more of this,

you are going to like the job less and less.'

The conversation drifted onto what did they think about the Waldorf case? They felt sorry about it, but thought that the officers were doing their job. 'Mind you, I don't personally want to be armed,' one said. 'I'd seriously reconsider my position if we were.' And back to the bomb. 'I can understand what you are doing today, but I don't think it can be stopped. People at the top make decisions and there is nothing we can do about it. We have all got to die some day.'

MORE AND MORE vans were arriving, packed with women. Whoops and shouting filled the air. 'At least 55 women arrested so far, it's bloody marvellous,' said Jane. 'What I don't understand is how you could live in conditions like that,' another officer said. 'The thing about Greenham,' Jane explained, 'in spite of all the difficulties, is the compensation in friendship and love.' 'That is exactly why I joined the force,' he replied.

At this point, two other officers took over. Tired looking and less good humoured, one complained bitterly that he had been on since seven am and that his wife was heavily pregnant. 'If it wasn't for you ladies, I wouldn't have to be doing this. Nuclear weapons have been here for years. It's bloody rubbish. You know you are wasting your time.' Jane was outraged. 'Wasting my time! I've a nice house in Derbyshire. I've worked all my life to retire to it and you tell me I know I'm wasting my time.' 'Oh dear,' said Vicky, 'we've just been through all this.'

There is no doubt that endlessly trying to explain what we are doing is exhausting; but, for me, establishing that communication is half the point of allowing myself to be arrested. There is a common misconception that Greenham Women engage in acts of civil disobedience simply for the sake of publicity. That is not the case. Civil disobedience, as I understand it, is necessary ac-

Police protect our protectors



tion that may involve me in breaking the law – either because I need to demonstrate that the law is wrong and should be changed, or because obedience to conscience, or some higher law, will involve the infringement of minor laws not necessarily evil in themselves. Draft resistance is an example of the former; cutting the fence an example of the latter – and one which I believe to be as necessary as breaking down the door of a neighbour's house to put a fire out. It demonstrates that the base cannot operate without heavily protecting itself from the people whom it is supposed to protect.

Also, by taking down the fence we are brought face to face with our 'protectors'. They have to deal with us rather than avoid us, and come to terms with the fact that they have the same choices as ourselves. They could choose not to arrest us. If we are arrested, then we can go on making these choices quite clear.

This is not always easy when you are being brutally treated or dragged through barbed wire, as some women were. Some women therefore choose to communicate their views in other ways, by total non-cooperation; by silence; by symbols. I have always opted for talking, believing that, as new information and ideas have changed me, so they can change anyone if they are presented in a non-threatening form. The difficulty as a woman talking to male police officers is not to let your conversation be misconstrued as flirting.

So, in my van, we talked. We talked from five until eight in the evening, when they shut the five of us into a small, dirty, green cell smelling of feet. The corridor rapidly took on the appearance of a second-hand shoe store.

I waited to be charged with some thirty other women, in a cell designed for ten. Women were crowded onto the benches, lay on the floor, and sprawled across each other. It was very hot. But everyone was good humoured, exchanging accounts of the action and singing songs. Meanwhile, a battered copy of the *Daily Telegraph* circulated. From it, I discovered that Paul Johnson, along with my arresting officer, knows that we all have to die. CND is apparently sweeping death under the carpet by discussing atomic weapons. Curious; I should have thought that it was our very admission of mortality that is so frightening. Taking down fences and exposing the horror on our doorstep is not a struggle against the natural cycle of death and regeneration, but against living evil, against the tyranny of selfish, utterly destructive indifference to anything but one's own material well being, in the here and now.

My own material comfort at that moment consisted of tomato soup and frozen bread. 'I'd have sent someone out,' the Sergeant remarked, 'But 30 more of you have been arrested.' Messages, shouted through the ventilators, told us that four and a half miles of fence was down. At midnight, I was charged, standing formally in a small office. Did I have anything to say? Nothing. I was released on bail for a court appearance the following week. Other women followed. At the base, the fence was still coming down. □

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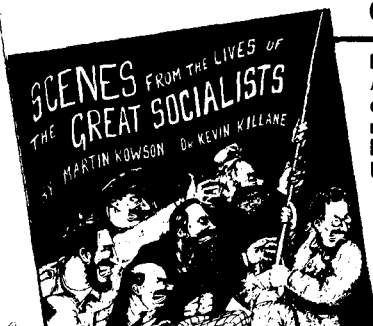
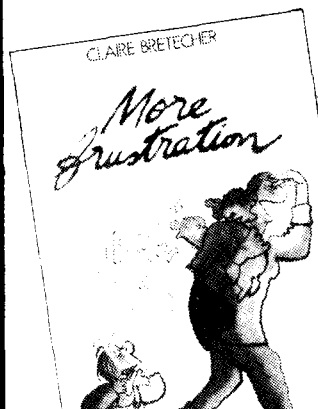
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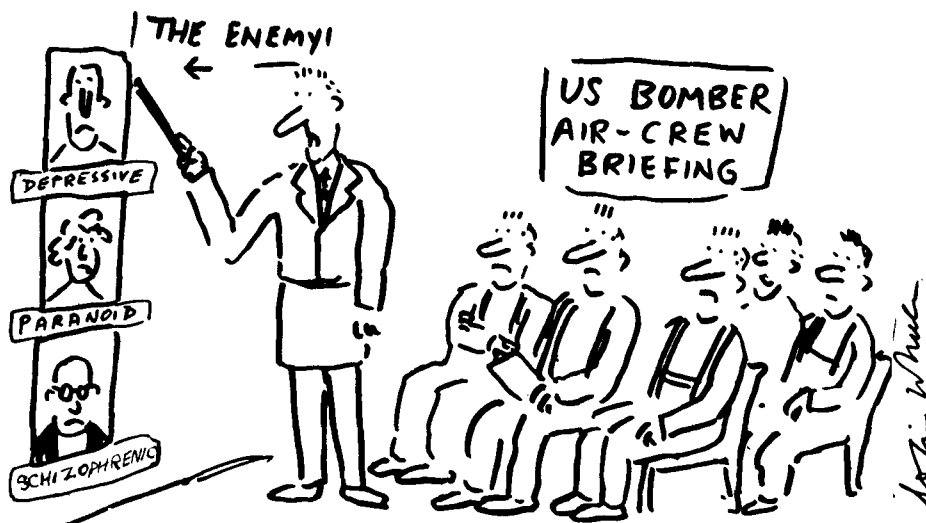
DIARY

Peter Snape

Any depression after my early elimination from the contest for Chief Whip last week was soon dissipated by the reaction of my Parliamentary colleagues. No less than 35 assured me privately that they had indeed voted for me and 23 suggested that I reciprocate by supporting them in the Shadow Cabinet ballot. Glasgow's John Maxton advanced the compassionate view that, under a PR system, I could well have 'romped home'. Which is slightly surprising as I only got 15 votes out of 208. Not for nothing do the newspapers call the PLP 'the most sophisticated electorate in the world'.

Viewers of last Sunday's *Weekend World* will appreciate how little our Embassies round the world welcome visits from Her Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, Sir Geoffrey Howe. Indeed, placing Sir Geoffrey opposite Denis Healey in the House of Commons is like leaving a toddler on the banks of the Amazon. His disastrous career is surely worth an entry in the *Guinness Book of Records*. As Solicitor General in Ted Heath's government, he was responsible for the legal aspects of the 1971 Industrial Relations Act, a measure which placed the Official Solicitor on permanent red alert and made a household name of the Official Tipstaff. As Minister for Trade and Consumer Affairs, he then presided amiably over those days of roaring inflation and index-linked wages, before mugging the nation's economy for four years, as Chancellor, without ever being mentioned on *Police Five*. Now, after four months as Foreign Secretary, one of our former colonies has been invaded by our (supposed) major ally. Sir Geoffrey is a one-man DC10, a reincarnated R101, a veritable 'Blue Streak'. The Cabinet wouldn't be the same without him.

A letter in the *Guardian* last week demanded that Neil Kinnock support the membership application of Tariq Ali, the (comfortably) unemployed son of a millionaire and sometime revolutionary. The letter was signed by a number of Labour MPs, despite an overwhelming rejection of the application only days earlier at the Labour Party Conference. The day after the letter appeared, the SDP won two out of three Council seats in Islington. What's the connection? The main signatory was Jeremy Corbyn, the MP for Islington North who presumably considered that, with Mr Ali's rejection, Labour's local campaign was doomed. 'Sorry Guv, not wivout Tariq' was no doubt the sullen rejoinder, as Labour candidate Christopher (son of CBI's Campbell) Adamson trudged the streets of Barnsbury ward. While it is appalling to discover that the 'unwashed working classes' do not know what is good for them, it is a relief to see that — despite



the euphoria of the opinion polls — in Islington, at least, some people still have their priorities right. Nice one, Jerry.

My two daughters live in Congleton, Cheshire, and my attempts to 'phone them last weekend were thwarted by a Dalek-type voice repeating 'Lines from London are engaged, please try later.' Now, this problem does arise occasionally during the week, but on Saturday afternoon? One possible explanation came from a friendly press man who pointed out that Congleton is also the home of Macclesfield Tory Nicholas 'rentaquote' Winterton, one of Westminster's instant experts, always good for a comment on anything from dandruff to DeLorean. Apparently any journalist who wants an MP's name attached to his story rings the Wintertons of this world and not only gets

the OK to use his name, but often feeds him the quote as well. 'Scandalous', says the MP, 'I intend to raise the matter in Parliament.' He rarely does — and, tomorrow, something else topical turns up the same way. The worrying thing from my point of view is that the garrulous Nick has now been joined at Westminster by Mrs Ann Winterton, the new MP for Congleton. If she turns out to like publicity as much as her old man, then British Telecom do have a problem.

While 'upstairs', in the clubby atmosphere of the smoke room, Labour MPs were wagering £5 notes on the outcome of the Shadow Cabinet elections, 'downstairs', in the Westminster Hall cafeteria, the political advisers and researchers were running a book on the likely placings, presided over by 'Hudson' himself — in the portly figure of Patrick Cheney, a purveyor of advice to Mr Denis Howell MP. Somewhat surprisingly, two of the leading figures 'below stairs' — Messrs David Cowling (factotum to Peter Shore) and David Hill (trustworthy right hand of Roy Hattersley) — failed to get even one name in the correct order out of a possible 15. I make no comment on the quality of the advice given to Labour luminaries by their devoted acolytes; nor, because of my terror of the NS feminists, dare I name the lady known as the canteen 'Ruby'.

The publication this week of the re-treaded Police and Criminal Evidence Bill indicates that, despite a few cosmetic touches, the government intends to railroad this disgracefully illiberal measure through the House. While I have no doubt that, under new Shadow Home Affairs spokesman Gerald Kaufman, the Committee Stage will be just as protracted as the five month sitting earlier this year, 9 June robbed the Opposition benches of such stalwarts as Chris Price, Alex Lyon and Arthur Davidson — as well as Labour Whip George Morton. They will all be missed. As will lone Liberal Bill Pitt — who, to his credit, invariably supported Labour amendments. A contrast indeed to SDP member Ian Wigglesworth who, when he wasn't swanning around the Far East, was usually all over the shop.

ROGER WODDIS

Some neck

'Let me stick my neck out really a very long way — and my reputation. I do not believe that the United States will invade Nicaragua.' — Mrs Thatcher

Firmly I believe and truly
(Let me here protrude my chin)
Other states that are unruly
Will not bring the Marshal in.

Jealous of my reputation,
Knowing what its loss would cost,
Should there be a conflagration,
I shall keep my fingers crossed.

Simple faith is what sustains me
As we teeter on the brink,
Though I must admit it pains me
Telling Tough Guy what I think.

Though events would seem to prove he
Has the baddies on the brain,
Life is not a Western movie,
Nor is Ronald R. John Wayne.

Let me gaze into my crystal,
Knowing that in any case
When he fires the starting-pistol
I shall hide my egg-stained face.

Partners in the party

Chantal Mouffe, at the Socialist Party congress, describes the political divisions

Paris

THE LITTLE town of Bourg-en-Bresse in Burgundy became, last weekend, the centre of French politics. Despite demonstrations trying to block access to the city, the congress of the French Socialist Party, which takes place every two years, met there for three days.

The mood was totally different from that at the last congress, held in Valence in 1981 a few months after the May and June election victories. Triumph had given way to calls for moderation and realism. There was not the unanimity of Valence, either. There, all the factions had joined to present one motion; this time, there were three.

There was an obvious effort to give the impression of a party united behind the government's strategy of restoring economic and monetary stability. After a whole night of discussion, a synthesis of the three motions, supporting the government's policies, was finally agreed. It is nonetheless clear that many Socialists are ill at ease defending alien policies.

The majority motion, presented by the Mitterrandists, in coalition with the followers of Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy and of Minister of Agriculture Michel Rocard, expressed half-hearted support for the government. Its backers approve the present austerity programme only because they believe that nothing else is possible at the moment. They see it as a 'hiatus' before a new phase of progress.

The second motion, backed by CERES (the Centre for Socialist Education and Research), does not agree that the current policies are the only ones available. For CERES, there is an alternative: a reflation of the economy through investment aimed at modernising French industries, a temporary withdrawal from the European Monetary System and protectionist measures to limit imports through the use of EEC safeguards.

To be sure, theirs is a far cry from the violent denunciation voiced by their leader, Jean-Pierre Chevenement, at the national convention of the party last May – when he accused the Socialists of having capitulated to conservative deflationary policies. Contrary to those who asserted that the first year's experiment of 'Keynesianism in one country' had been a failure, he insisted that real reflation had never been seriously tried and that it should be the basis of a socialist way out of the crisis. CERES still defends that strategy, but now presents it, not as an alternative, but as a 'complement' to current policies. According to the latest declarations, there have been two phases in govern-

ment policy and it is time for a third. 'First, there was growth without rigour; second, rigour without growth; now we need to put rigour at the service of growth.'

That the present policy of rigour should be complemented by some more ambitious project is also the view of those who put the third motion. But that is where their agreement with CERES stops. On one level, they strongly approve the economic policy of Jacques Delors, the Finance Minister, with even less reticence than those who proposed the first motion. They reject the notion of 'hiatus', because the crisis is deep and structural, but affirm that 'the crisis should not be lived passively', and that 'what is in question is the transition to a new type of society which has to be understood and mastered'. What they want is to use austerity as a lever to change social relations.

INSIDE THE Socialist Party, this faction represents the position of what has recently been called the 'Second Left'. The Second Left accepts the need to shift resources from consumption, to enable France to compete internationally and lay the basis for future growth. But it rejects a productivist logic and defines the problem as 'how to produce and *what* to produce'. It believes that there are important demands – in the field of social relations, sexual equality, conditions of work, quality of life, ecology and cooperation with the Third World – that cannot be subordinated to growth. 'Socialism is not a rate of growth, but a way of life,' says Edmond Maire, secretary of the CFDT (Confédération Française Démocratique des Travailleurs), the cornerstone of the Second Left.

Many interventions at the congress emphasised the urgent need to transform the Socialist Party from an opposition movement into a 'governmental party'. Others insisted on the importance of forging a collective identity able to encompass its different component parts, and of establishing an organic link between the government and its electorate.

No doubt, that is the main problem for the Socialists, as is indicated by the steady erosion of support for the party and the government. According to the most recent opinion polls, the Left today has minority backing. Support for the government is only 45 per cent, while the popularity of the Socialist Party has fallen to its lowest level since 1972.

None of this is surprising. Since its foundation at Epinay in 1971, the French Socialist Party has been an uneasy amalgam

of heterogeneous currents. Structured on a Presidential basis and geared towards electoral victory, it has been held together by the charismatic figure of François Mitterrand. Mitterrand and his followers came to socialist politics via the 'Convention des Institutions Républicaines' (CIR), a political club on the Left of the Radical party. Strongly influenced by the neo-radicalism of Pierre Mendes-France, their main concern has always been more with civil liberties and constitutional rights than with economics. Mitterrand put forward, in 1965, a 'strategy of the Left' as the only way to defeat Gaullism. It was finally accepted by the remaining federations of the old Socialist party, the SFIO (Workers' International: French Section), when the merger took place with the CIR at Apinay. A common programme was signed with the Communists in June 1972.

Those socialist federations from the old SFIO are the nearest thing in France to social democracy. Led by locally strong 'notables' like Pierre Mauroy in Lille and Gaston Defferre in Marseilles, they have been successful in promoting 'municipal socialism' around social and educational organisations and public services.

There is a third current in the party, principally represented by CERES, which is influenced by Marxism. Its position is very similar to the Communist one (except with respect to the Soviet Union) and it sees the 'union of the left' as more than an electoral strategy. It has consistently defended the union with the PCF (Parti Communiste Français) against the attempts by some Socialists to define an autonomous line.

Finally, there is the tendency of 'autogestionnaire socialism' (self-managed socialism) to be found among the militants of the PSU (Parti Socialiste Unifié) and of the CFDT, who joined the Socialist Party in 1974. Their tradition is a non-Marxist one, very much influenced by utopian socialism, left-wing Catholicism and the anti-authoritarian discourse of the 1968 movement.

THE ONLY homogenous aspect of the Socialist Party is its social background, which is overwhelmingly 'new middle class'. Even if the majority of the working-class votes Socialist, it is scarcely represented at Party level. Both its activists and officials are the preserve of the salaried and educated middle-class strata, teachers and civil servants (predominantly male).

The Socialist Party has no organic ties with trade unions. Membership is organised in local geographical sections (with a few workplace sections) and grows very slowly. Indeed, the party is mainly an electoral machine. Mitterrandism has been characterised, since 1971, by a political opportunism centered around one single objective: the conquest of power. The identity of the party has been designed to appeal to the new middle classes, product of Gaullist modernisation, but also to displace the Communists among the traditional working class. The doctrine had to be fluid. The ideological pluralism of the Socialist Party has, in fact, perfectly suited such a task. Depending on the type of internal alliance established by Mitterrand – who alternatively favoured

CERES or the 'autogestionnaires' – the party reinforced either its 'class' or its 'changing life' discourse.

What was a strength in the electoral terrain is a serious weakness once in power. To articulate and execute a governing programme which satisfies – if partially – the multiplicity of demands that the party is supposed to represent is far from easy. If we add the specially bad political conditions under which the Left victory took place – the lack of popular mobilisation; the retreat of the social movements; the crisis of the very idea of socialism among the intellectuals – there is nothing strange about the present passivity and disenchantment.

What is striking about the present position of the Socialist government is the absence of a coherent and realistic project of transformation adapted to today's specific economic and social conditions. It gives the impression of muddling through successive crises, its major preoccupation being with economic indicators.

This is not, however, for a lack of ideas among Socialists. Projects *do* exist. There is CERES's 'grand project to break out of decadence' through a 'reconquest of the

domestic market' by revitalising the declining industries and mobilising people's patriotism in order to obtain a higher rate of growth than the rest of Europe. It is a very nationalistic and statist project, aiming at establishing an alliance between state technocrats and those sections of the skilled and employed traditional working class threatened by foreign competition.

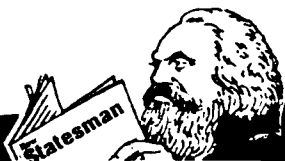
ON THE OTHER side, there is the project of the 'Second Left': a modernisation and democratisation of French society, with priority to be given to a change in social relations and a struggle against the 'dual society'. It requires an alliance between the new professional middle classes, the social movements and the unprotected sector of the economy where women and immigrants are usually located. The conflict between the 'First' and the 'Second' Left is not between Right and Left, as some would have it. It is between two types of political culture: a statist and Jacobin one versus a grassroots, *autogestionnaire* one.

The final compromise text at the Congress was, in fact, the first motion with a few cosmetic changes. If the supporters of the

second and third motions accepted it, it is because the delegates felt strongly that unity was necessary, because the government is navigating a difficult course between economic and political constraints. It is still rather remarkable that the left-wing coalition has hung together. The Communists appear decided to stay whatever the cost because they are afraid of the wilderness outside – but are trying to distance themselves from government policies as much as possible. The Socialists are increasingly irritated by this 'participation without support' – Lionel Jospin, the first secretary, has recently declared that 'by doing the splits so frequently, Georges Marchais is going to pull a muscle'. At the congress, he demanded a much more positive attitude from the Communists towards the government.

'Socialists for success' was the slogan of the Bourg-en-Bresse congress. Obviously, the main preoccupation today is to redress the economic situation before 1986, when the next legislative elections will take place. Those will decide whether Mitterrand must face a hostile majority in the National Assembly for the two remaining years of this presidency. □

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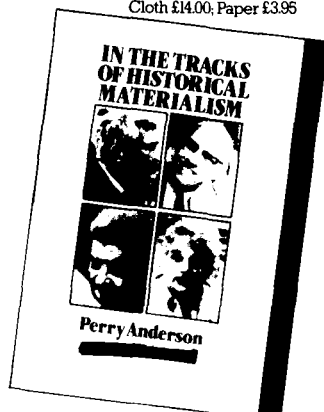
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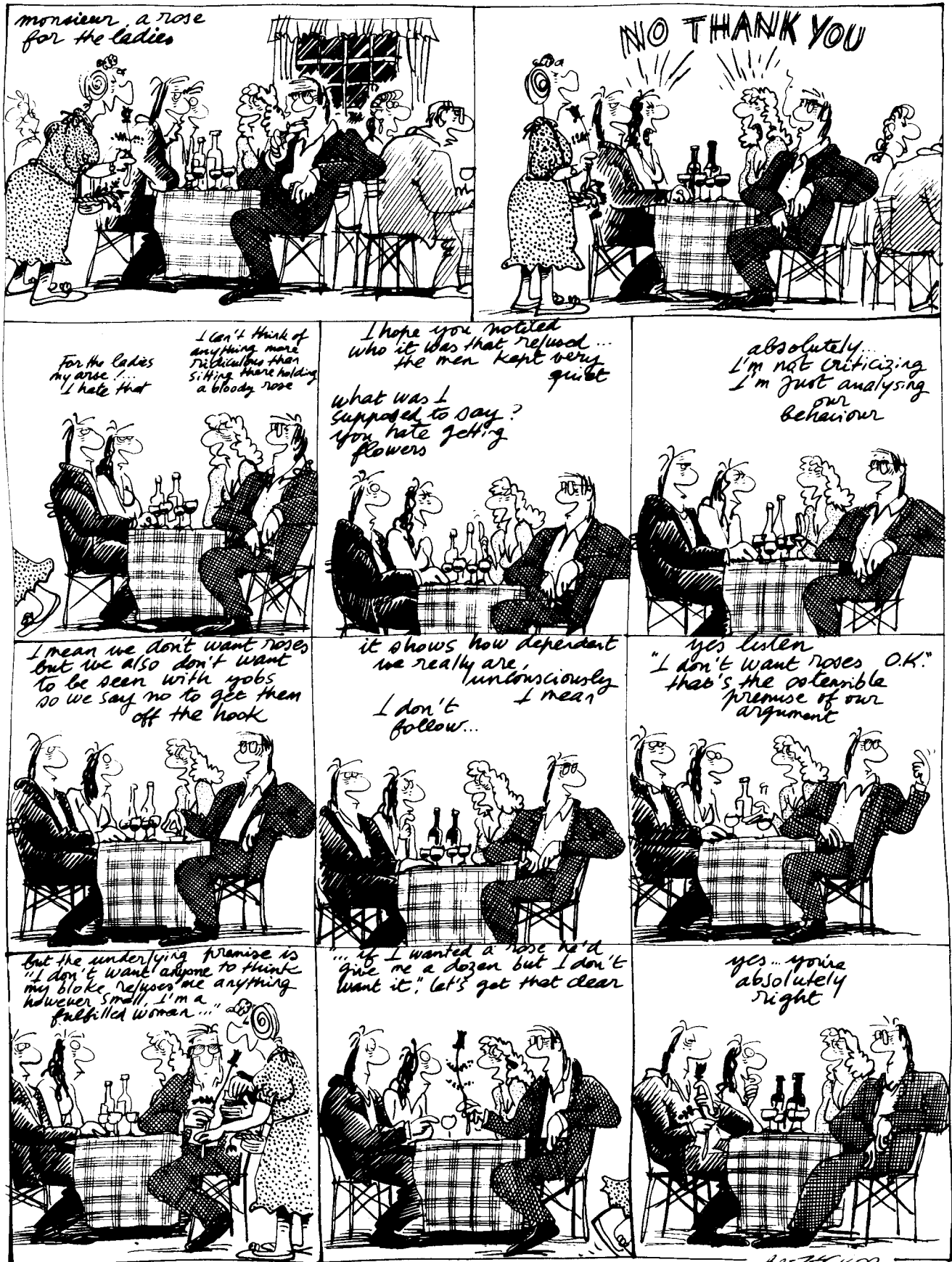
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BRETECHER

ROMAN DE LA ROSE



LETTERS

Heated Crucible

Paul Robinson, *Producer/Director: A Question of Power, London NW10*

The people whom I believe David Berry maligned in 'Science in Society' (NS 28 October) will, if they choose, speak for themselves. I am writing to convey my opinion that Berry made an appalling botch of the crucial issue of freedom of expression on television in relation to science.

I must also say, concerning the parts of his article to which my first-hand experience is relevant, that I feel he would not have been so misled had he applied better journalistic practice. Did Bob Young not tell Berry that he agreed the format of the March 1983 *Crucible* as 'a roomful of people talking'? Did Berry ask anyone who it was that 'reduced' its topic to 'the Sizewell Inquiry', and why? Did he view the programme, and read the original brief? Did no one tell him (if indeed he asked) that it was I who determined the scope of that programme, of my own accord, with no encouragement (nor indeed support) from anyone else; and that I did it purely for my own reasons?

How can Young, and now Berry, be so incredibly naive? Ways of *who* 'involving the public in scientific decision making'? The Westinghouse Corporation? Do they really imagine that C4 and/or Richard Creasey and/or Jane Cousins (a collusive agglomeration only in Young's mind and Berry's writing) insisted on 50 minutes of opposition to a policy of Her Majesty's government in preference to radical talk about home-made refrigerators and Dutch science shops?

Did Berry ask whether anyone in C4 was 'delighted' with that Sizewell programme? Whether there was an offensive against it and, if so, from whom? When it occurred and who fought against it? Where Bob Young was and why?

And, really, the first three *Crucibles* radical Marxism? If Berry and Young would care to address themselves to the content of later programmes, they might find some potent articulation of the politics of technology in particular instances.

I believe that Bob Young has done the causes of freedom in the media, and of proper discussion on television of technology in relation to democracy, a severe disservice, and that you have now compounded that with bad journalism.

Every vote a winner

Richard Holme, *Director, Campaign for Fair Votes*

Such is the open-mindedness and courage of Mr Kellner's approach to the emotional question of voting systems that it may seem churlish to reproach him with inconsistency, but that I must.

'At root' he says (NS 21 October), 'STV promotes consensus'. That is apparently a good thing for the Labour Party. 'Substantial swings between Left and Right in the elections would only occur when there were substantial swings in the attitudes' of the electoral college. A very good thing for the Labour Party. The present system 'over-rewards factions that gain the upper hand'. A bad thing for the Labour Party. 'It ruthlessly penalises factions with only minority appeal'. A very bad thing for the Labour Party. But Mr Kellner's benevolence apparently stops short at the Labour Party. Why should what is good for the Labour Party not be good for the country? And why should a system which damages Labour not be harmful to us all?

New Statesman 4 November 1983

He raises that question but does not answer it, except by saying that general elections are about winners and losers. Why shouldn't we have an electoral system in which every voter 'wins' in the sense of having his preference used to help elect someone. Then we might have more consensus, less wild swings, no excessive power given to one faction and denied to another one. In fact, we could have all the good things Mr Kellner wants for Labour.

Gently tear down the fences

Andy Dobson, *Madrid, Spain*

Tony Paterson's article 'Tactical problems' (NS 14 October) shows that a long-simmering problem within the peace movement has at last come to the surface — in West Germany, at least.

That the movement in Britain has been dominated by advocates of passive resistance is not in doubt. However, it seems to me that, within the notion of 'passive resistance', there lies an enormous potential, as yet untapped.

• Up to now, the vast majority of members of the peace movement has baulked at the possibility of 'breaking into future missile sites and occupying them', as suggested by Rainer Trompert of the West German Green Party. Increasingly, this seems to be the only option open to us. The probable result would be widespread arrests and a large number of prison sentences. Nothing would damage the Conservative Party's assumed moral ascendancy more than the prison camps which would surely spring up on Salisbury Plain.

This kind of confrontation politics — involving the most dignified non-violent resistance — is a far cry from 'extremist groups . . . that are prepared to use bombs to counter deployment' and with whom the Federal German government is trying to connect more radical members of the peace movement. It is, on the contrary, fast becoming the only sensible strategy. The fences at Greenham Common and Upper Heyford should have been torn down months ago. Let's do it now, before it's too late.

Gagging anti-racism

Tim Butler, *North East London Polytechnic*

I read Amrit Wilson's article (NS 21 October) and Peter Dawson's reply (NS 28 October) with great concern. As a delegate, I therefore went to the Outer London Regional Council meeting of NATFHE, on 29 October, to discuss the issues which had led to the charges against the four members of Kilburn Branch.

The charges filed under Rule 8 of the union are generally referred to as 'bringing the union into disrepute'. Having read the article in the NS and having been a member of NATFHE for many years, I was puzzled as to how challenging racism could bring the union into disrepute.

A resolution from the Kilburn Branch of NATFHE, reaffirming the support it had given to John Fernandes and the action taken by its officers and also calling for the Rule 8 action to be dropped, was ruled out of order by the Chairman. When this was challenged, it turned out that, in accordance with NATFHE rules, the officers of the Regional Council had been consulted as to whether they thought there were grounds to justify the charges against the four members. The officers had replied that they did. Thus ordinary

members of the union were denied an opportunity (by the very same officers) to state their views on the matter — despite the fact that one of the 'facts' of the sorry saga has been a whole history of antagonism by regional officers to the actions taken by Kilburn Branch and Fernandes (as documented in Amrit Wilson's article).

It also turns out that the Regional Secretary had not presented motions to the National Council in support of Fernandes, despite the fact that the Regional Council had clearly instructed him to.

I am unclear how uncompromising a stand NATFHE has taken over racism (for example, I remember it discouraging attempts, a few years ago, to expel from membership Andrew Brons, who was a member of the Harrogate Branch as well as Chairman of the National Front). What is clear is that the officers of the Outer London Regional Council have ensured that NATFHE, in many people's minds, will now be associated with gagging those who are critical of the way the issue of race is dealt with — not only in Police Training, but, more generally, in further and higher education.

Disinfectant

Dr H. R. Widmer & Dr H. Renk, *F. Hoffmann-La Roche & Co, Basle*

We are writing to you about the article entitled 'Seveso is Everywhere' (NS 14 October).

This article contains an important error, which can in fact be traced back to the book *Reclaim the Earth* from which the feature was prepared. We refer to the statement that 'Icmesa, was producing, among other things, the defoliants destined for use in Vietnam'. This allegation was made in the immediate aftermath of the accident in 1976 and has been immediately refuted by ourselves. We reiterate that Icmesa has never produced any defoliants or other herbicides. The production of trichlorophenol was used exclusively for the manufacture of hexachlorophene, a standard disinfectant.

The authors of *Reclaim the Earth* mention (on page 36 of their book) that the chapter on Seveso was 'put together in the months after the accident'. Unfortunately, your article did not convey this important reservation to your readers, thus leaving them with the impression that they got up-to-date news.

Rock off

Harry Flagg, *Leamington Spa, Warwickshire*

I am becoming increasingly nauseated with your Rock Music column. Its appearance is erratic, the standard inconsistent and the point wholly dubious. When Frith departed, the slide began, but even *his* column smacked of tokenism.

In NS 21 October, Mary Harron writes a mildly diverting piece on Boy George and admits to being wrong about Kid Creole. Big deal. Then we get five lines, one word, on Elvis Costello. In these few phrases, she gets the title of his new album wrong and writes prose which, to me, is totally inept. This is shabby treatment of a man who is capable of writing some of the finest music and lyrics of his time. Britain's foremost songwriter, according to the NME.

The *New Statesman* has to make a decision either to cover rock music properly or to forget it. Shit, or get off the pop.

BOOKS & ARTS



Harold Evans (with eyes closed) and Rupert Murdoch (sniffing blood?) in 1981.

Phillip Whitehead

Signs of the times

Good Times Bad Times

HAROLD EVANS *Weidenfeld* £11.75

Harold Evans has produced a book which, in the old days of his great editorship, he would have eagerly serialised in the *Sunday Times*. It reads like the Crossman diaries, and may have a similar incendiary effect on the world it describes with such total recall. Vivid character sketches of the grave and reverend signors of Times Newspapers spitting and slashing at each other alternate with allegations of misconduct and worse against Mr Rupert Murdoch. The sunlit days at the *Sunday Times*, with a profitable paper, a benign proprietor, a fatherly editor-in-chief and a loyal staff, are compared to the terrors of Murdoch's *Times*.

No one forced Harry Evans to cross the bridge to the *Times* editorial chair. When

Ken Thomson threw in his hand there was a strong case for separating *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*. Both editors thought so. Consortia of journalists were formed, but got nowhere. It became clear that Thomson had so rigged the sale that only Rupert Murdoch, bidding for all titles, was in with a chance. The only weapon which could have stopped the Murdoch/Brunton collaboration was a reference to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. With a world-famous editor, and inherent profitability, the *Sunday Times* consortium needed that enquiry to get its second wind. But Mr Evans was simultaneously a member of the vetting committee which approved Murdoch's credentials as proprietor and a rival bidder. In the former role he helped to devise the ludicrous 'guarantees', all of which Murdoch un-picked within a year. In the latter he was needed in the courts with the *Sunday Times*

journalists, in the action set for 9 February 1981, in which it would have emerged that Mr John Biffen had misled Parliament on the profitability of an independent *Sunday Times*. But by then Evans had already been informally offered the editorship of *The Times*, and was packing his long spoons.

He remembers sitting 'gagged and bound' in the Commons Press Gallery, as the debate on the Murdoch bid went on below. Bound perhaps, by his role on the vetting committee, but not gagged. He had made a statement that afternoon to the Press Association: 'No editor or journalist could ask for wider guarantees of editorial independence on news than those which Mr Murdoch has accepted and which are now entrenched by the Secretary of State.' Inadvertently or not, it was a perfect ending for Biffen's speech, shrugging off any reference to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

Why did he do it? His friends argued against it. He was being 'tempted from his power base', said Bernard Donoughue. 'The man's charm is lethal,' said John Barry of Murdoch. 'One minute he's swimming along with a smile, then snap! There's blood in the water. Your head's gone.' The Parliamentary debate, and the Australian researches carried out by Bruce Page in the *New Statesman*, had displayed enough severed heads. Harry, like every editor before him, thought that he would be different. After all, there were the guarantees, and the legal sanction behind them. From the moment of the appointment of Murdoch's man Sir Edward Pickering to be an additional national director the proprietor progressively abandoned his diffident new boy pose. After repeated humiliations Sir Denis Hamilton was pushed out as chairman. The titles of Times Newspapers were transferred to Murdoch's News International without the consent of the national directors. When he belatedly asked questions Evans found what he now describes as fabricated minutes for non-quorate meetings about which he had not been informed.

The guarantees, Murdoch told Fred Emery during the week of crisis in March 1982, 'are not worth the paper they are written on'. Editorial freedom within fixed annual budgets, no instruction from proprietor or management on the selection and balance of news and opinion; the list mocks the record. Evans, in the middle of technical changes to the paper's layout which both improved it and unsettled its staff, could find himself confronted with the proprietor in a rage. 'I'm telling you four pages minimum for sport. What do you want this crap for anyway? Two pages is plenty for business news.' 'Why do you use these Commies?' was the response to a staff reporter's summary of evidence to the Scarman Enquiry. All treatment of the 'pissing liberals' who would not support Mrs Thatcher was suspect. It is worth remembering that Murdoch's special hatred was for what he saw as

his editor's flirtation with the Social Democrats, not the Left.

So the proprietor roamed the corridors, jet-lagged and surly, trailed by his managing director, the lugubrious gastronome Gerald Long. For all his talents Long appears in these pages as a tragi-comic stage villain, of the kind drawn by Hervé to pursue Tintin. Never able to provide Evans with a budget within which to work, Long tried to provide limits of a different kind, with memoranda on every subject from how the Chancellor should be treated, to onslaughts on some harmless lowbrow recipe. The story of his downfall, when his bizarre exchange of letters with the proprietor of *Le Gavroche*, over the origins of St Paulin cheese, revealed his high living to the world in the week in which his proprietor was demanding 600 redundancies because *The Times* was on the bread-line, is a good case of a man getting his deserts. Murdoch's wrath was swift.

Throughout this whole book, indeed, Murdoch behaves as you would expect. He glides along, then snap, a head is off. He gave Harold Evans a supportive six months before his appetite returned. Then he turned towards the blood in the water. Evans was held to be extravagant in his new hirings. There was friction with the old *Times* hands, the 'Black Friars', as the paper was chopped around. They were not used to an editor who put all his editions to bed, who could see the romance of shaking the hand of the lorry driver who brought in the first load of colour reels on Royal Wedding Day. He could not see that they wanted more delegation, less fizz from the whirligig of *The Times*. Nor could he see, until too late, his crown prince trying on the crown. 'I'd do anything to edit *The Times*,' said Charlie Douglas-Home. 'Wouldn't you?' Murdoch demanded his editor's resignation on the day Evans returned from his father's funeral. When he met resistance he simply took himself off to New York, and let his hard men work Harry over, in the poisoned atmosphere of staff civil war. No one comes well out of those days, as a shrewd judge of the worst side of human nature no doubt calculated.

If Harold Evans had stuck out for just two more days the national directors would have met. They could have stopped Murdoch pronouncing his editor dead. But in reality

his head had gone. He was dead in the water. The guarantees he himself had drafted were useless. With this proprietor neither Evans nor Giles, nor Barnes nor Delane, would be safe. The moral is not to thumb through the guarantees to find the loopholes. They will always be there. The answer is to make reference to the Monopolies Commission mandatory on governments that seek to do shabby favours for their political friends, and for the next Labour government to put a legal limit on the total press holdings permissible for any one proprietor – well below the 40 per cent plus total readership which Mr Murdoch now has. And for those who doubt the need to curtail the obsessive acquisition which has marked Murdoch for 20 years, and believe he will mellow yet, there is a simple answer – why don't they ask Evans? □

LETTERS Jeffrey Meyers

Tangential

**Selected Letters of E. M. Forster:
Volume 1, 1879-1920**
ed. MARY LAGO and P. N. FURBANK
Collins £15.95

Forster stands, in his letters, at a slight angle to the universe. His father died when Forster was an infant; he was coddled by the old ladies in the household and treated like a piece of Dresden china; he adopted their mannerisms and became an elderly, maidenly, young man ('people have no business to be so alarming'). He formed an unnaturally close relationship with his mother (his principal correspondent), who lived with him until he was 66, forced him to lead the life of a little girl, and prevented him from joining an ambulance unit during the Great War or accepting afterwards an administrative position in Germany. His early letters to her are whining and dull: 'I am not happy. Please send another bible'; his later

ones emphasise social punctilio: 'hypocrisy is a sort of cement that holds one's wretched little character together.' His guarded tone and jocular persona ('Someone told me that I was amusing, and I have never quite recovered from the effects') prevent the striking personal revelations one finds in great letter-writers like Keats and Lawrence.

The editors have selected 207 from Forster's 15,000 letters (about 1½% of the total) and nearly smothered them in overly detailed, distracting and disproportionate annotations. One would have liked more letters and fewer notes of this sort: 'On 26 November EMF took part in a concert at the school, playing the triangle in "Toy Symphony in C" by Gurlitt, and playing in "Piano Trio" by H. Stanislaus.' Part of a sentence is absent on p. 90; they miss the allusion to Marvell on p. 182; and misspell Wilfrid Blunt's name, though Forster writes it correctly. Despite the claim of the dust-wrapper, there are no letters to T. E. Lawrence in this volume, which begins in 1883. Forster's fundamental connection with many of his correspondents – Dickinson, Douglas, Strachey, Sassoon, Reid, Carpenter, Cavafy, Altounyan – was a secretly shared homosexuality which should have been made clear to the uninitiated reader.

Though Forster was usually whimsical and genteel, the unpleasant side of his character sometimes breaks through. He spent a weekend with Wyndham Lewis and the novelist Mary Borden (without realising they were lovers) and condemned Lewis as a



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Naomi Mitchison

Oldies

If you go sleeping happy on heathery places
The ticks will be at you with their sharp embraces,
Delightedly burrowing through zips and buttons and braces.

Best for us oldies to stay snug in our gardens,
Not try to meddle outside and get no pardons
From those whom a new hope or hate averts and hardens.

If you read too many memoirs and dream before sleeping
Up jump those old worn-out hopes and ideas at you, bleeping
And digging up dead loves from what you had thought safe keeping.

scoundrel and 'sulky tinker' because he protested when swindled out of a commission by Roger Fry. Forster provides penetrating insight about the suppressed homosexual theme in Lawrence's first novel, *The White Peacock*: 'The whole book is the queerest product of subconsciousness that I have yet struck — he has not a glimmering from first to last of what he's up to.' But a personal quarrel, in which Lawrence exposed Forster's faults, prevented him from recognising Lawrence's genius: 'I do not like the deaf impercipient fanatic who has nosed over his own little sexual round until he believes that there is no other path for others to take.' Forster lamely observed that Hardy 'lacks the all-round intelligence . . . that is often a sign of creative power . . . Goethe is the only genius who was not stupid.' Snug and smug in Bloomsbury, he failed to see the extraordinary intellectual power of his contemporaries: Joyce and Eliot as well as Lewis and Lawrence.

Forster was vitalised in 1912 by his passage to India; he fortunately dropped straight into native life and gradually emerged from his protective shell. His letters from the subcontinent, like his travel book *The Hill of Devi*, illuminate his last and greatest novel. He draws interesting geographical parallels between the south coasts of Europe and Asia, each with 'three peninsulas, with the chief mountain chain knotted up at the head of the middle one', and in the novel compares India with the analogous but more exquisite peninsula of Italy. In the letters as in the novel, he condemns English women

as 'vile on the native question'; describes the inhabitants (of Egypt) as 'mud moving'; remarks how rare it is for an Englishman and Indian to become real friends; and notes that in Native States the 'people show a cheerfulness and air of self respect that one seldom notices in British India'. He writes that his friend Masood, like the fictional Aziz, was deeply moved 'by all the relics of vanished Mohammedan greatness'. Forster's own feelings, like those of Mrs Moore, were 'connected with the immense past'.

His description of the caves at Gaya — with the accounts of his arrival (to be English tutor) at Nassenheide, coal heaving at Port Said and nautch dancing at Lahore — are the highlights of his correspondence: 'The caves are cut out of the solid granite: a small square doorway and an oval hall inside. This sounds dull, but the granite has been so splendidly polished that they rank very high among caves for cheerfulness. Date — 250 B.C.; as early as anything in India.'

Forster worked for the Red Cross in Alexandria during the War as a 'motherly' searcher: 'I go round to Hospitals and question the wounded soldiers for news of their missing comrades.' He deepened his awareness of human emotions and snapped out of his loneliness and sterility as a writer after a love affair (his first) with an 'unfortunately rather black' Egyptian bus conductor. Though Forster had acquired an instinctive dislike of the Arabs, he confessed: 'It seemed to me — and I proved right — that something precious was being offered me

and that I was offering something that might be thought precious.' Though Forster's high-minded sublimation disguised the somewhat sordid, exploitive and mercenary aspects of his liaison, there is no doubt that English literature owes a good deal to the Ramleh Tramways Company.

Forster, shrewd about his own aspirations and limitations, wrote: 'What I want, I think, is the sentimental, but the sentimental reached by no easy beaten track. . . . My equipment is frightfully limited, but so good in parts that I want to do with it what I can.' He wanted to write homosexual fiction, but after the failure of the sentimental *Maurice*, which could not be published in his lifetime, and the success of *A Passage to India* (1924), he stopped writing novels: 'I might write them if I could write freely, but this is impossible in the Public's present state, and it bores me to write insincerely.' □

ECONOMICS

Barbara Taylor

Time to live

Hidden Hands: Women and Economic Policies

ANNIE PHILLIPS *Pluto Press* £2.50

'Forget for the moment how things are, and think about how they might be . . . ' — a classic opening for a utopian text, and the sentence which begins the key chapter of this important book. An important book for: its documentation of women's current economic position; its indictment of the masculinist bias of left-wing economic strategies and its feminist counter-proposals; but, above all, the presentation of practical policies within an unapologetically visionary context which affords those policies a new significance and urgency.

Change will come when people . . . know what they want and can see it is possible. This is why policies are so important . . . [to] translate dreams into reality, and develop a vision for the future that meets with the here and now.

Hidden Hands effects this juncture between present realities and future hopes through a two-level argument. First, Phillips forcibly reminds us of the economic centrality of women (who currently constitute almost half the workforce). The decline of employment in traditionally male-dominated sectors, combined with expansion of industries and services employing women, has 'feminised' the economy at a rate which in some areas (such as Wales) has been very rapid. Yet economic debates proceed as if this crucial change was simply marginal. Influential Tories issue appeals for a female 'return to the home' which would be merely farcical, if they weren't so pernicious. And the Left?

'When a socialist takes to being dull, he is much duller than anyone else', Phillips

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Good Companions

quotes Rebecca West, and the much-vaunted Alternative Economy Strategy is a case in point. The expansionist programme of the AES – typically based on state-led investment in manufacture, protectionist trade policy, and state/union collaboration in economic planning – Phillips views as a non-solution for British workers in general and female workers in particular. It promises a revitalised capitalism on terms for which capitalists themselves display little enthusiasm – hence a ‘scenario for (class) conflict’ for which AES supporters appear to have no strategy whatsoever. And for women?

The strategy talks of the working class or working people as if this were a single unified mass. By doing that it ends up talking about men. Full employment means jobs for the boys. Popular control means workplace democracy for male trade unionists. Reviving the economy means reviving male-dominated manufacturing . . . Unless we discuss explicitly what any strategy means for women, we fall unthinkingly into policies for men.

So how do we begin to think about women?

Here Phillips shifts her argument into second gear: a marshalling of possibilities for feminist economic reconstruction. ‘The recent experience of women has called the whole nature of waged work into question.’ Boundaries which once appeared well defined – between the women’s world of home/domesticity/children and the male world of waged labour – have shifted and blurred. Most women are waged workers as well as ‘housewives’; most male workers either grind their lives away in compulsory overtime or face the prospect of enforced ‘leisure’ through under- or unemployment. For both, the old demand of a ‘right to work’ cannot begin to address the reality of jobs which are increasingly alienating, exhausting, and corrosive of other aspects of life. People need money and time. When the work which provides money leaves virtually no time, the structure of work itself must be challenged. We must begin ‘to treat all work as a whole . . . both inside and outside the home, and to develop a strategy that can cope with it all’.

Socialist attitudes toward work have always veered between celebrating it as the sphere of social creativity and denigrating its coercive, unfree character. Women’s relationship to work reveals this ambivalence to be the expression of a contradictory reality. The working lives of most women – above all, of mothers – combine monotonous, mindless drudgery (waged and unwaged) with the exhausting but also deeply engaging labour of nurturance. Parenting is one of the most difficult, undervalued, and (complexly) creative jobs in our society. In its intensely emotional aspects, its emphasis on process over product, and its transformative effects on the worker her/himself, it sharply exposes the problems and potentials inherent in *all* creative endeavour, all ‘labours of love’. The problems (particularly of isolated mothering) have concerned feminists for years. But now Phillips urges us to think more concretely about the potentials; in particular, to look hard at the structures of *time* in which our lives are

embedded – and then past them, toward what she calls ‘time to live’. And so the weight of her policy programme falls on a detailed, carefully argued proposal for the shortening and restructuring of the working week.

The proposal is presented in the context of an illuminating comparison between hours worked in Britain and the rest of Europe; a critical discussion of the few existing writings on the subject; and Phillips’s own assessment of what is necessary: the reclamation, from employers, of up to one-quarter the time they now take from us. The short-term effects of such a reform would, of course, be enormous (although the crucial question of the relationship between hours, wages and productivity needs to be tackled more directly than it is here). But Phillips is more concerned with what she sees as the long-term result: to open a space for the renegotiation of the relationship between work and life. Space for male as well as female parenting; for women’s entry into new areas of work (since such a dramatic hours reduction would lead to redistribution of jobs); for creative labour and leisure of kinds currently almost beyond imagining. In the depths of a recession, Phillips admits, ‘it seems hard enough to defend what we have, utopian to insist on more’:

But a crisis always has two faces, and while one of them sternly bids us put up with what we have, the other looks forward to the future. The old ways are under threat. Instead of rallying to their defence we should set new terms for a better world.

Until we envision such a world, we will never begin to construct it. But the gap between aspirations and present conditions looms very large – and Phillips does not offer a strategy to bridge it. Moreover, there is at times a rather confusing elision in the book between policies which the author believes can and should be implemented now, and those clearly premised on a much wider process of social/economic reorganisation. Among the first are demands for a statutory minimum wage and reforms in the taxation and social security systems: both already rallying-points for socialist feminists. The demand for the shorter working week has also been taken up by some trade unions, as a method for redistributing available employment. But Phillips’s formulation of the demand is far more radical, and could in fact be implemented only in an economy where workers’ needs replaced profitability as the motivating principle. Phillips acknowledges this, but then backs off from the strategic implications – and so perhaps she should. For *Hidden Hands* does not claim to provide route-marches toward feminist socialism, only important signposts in that direction. And because it succeeds in that aim, it is essential reading for all socialists. Let us hope Mr Neil Kinnock, who could not think of a single ‘woman writer’ when questioned about his reading tastes by one interviewer, is bombarded by copies of it; more important, let us ensure that in the current self-critical mood of the Left, its arguments enter into the formation of a new agenda for a genuinely egalitarian socialism. □

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Flashbacks

TIMOTHY LEARY *Heinemann* £9.95

This is a wonderful book, the chronicle of a heady, expansive age, a tribute to the energy of America. No other nation could have produced a man like Timothy Leary, who gets thrown out of a college, becomes a Harvard psychology professor and then, after experiencing 'magic mushrooms' in Mexico, sets out to convert the world to mind-expanding drugs. Equally, only in America could this same man be hounded out of his job, thrown in gaol on trumped-up charges and subjected to endless games of cat-and-mouse with the authorities. It's typical of Leary, however, that he thrives on all this. He sees himself as a Tom Sawyer figure, upsetting the crab-apple An-nies in the CIA and the White House. He is a paradoxical mixture of cowboy, visionary and subversive imp.

This book reads like a psychedelic dream; there are night-long 'sessions' in ornate apartments, communes in Mexico, Indian gurus; a mysterious woman who 'turned on' JFK himself, and was murdered for her pains. It all seems a long way from Ronald Reagan and the entrenched Eighties. And yet Leary's philosophy is not as naive as it might appear. During his Harvard period, when he was experimenting with psychedelic drugs, he came to believe in Hallucinations For All, but only under the supervision of trained guides who would control and administer them. Shades of *Brave New World*? Certainly the fight for drug freedom has some odd over-tones. The passages concerning his imprisonment reveal a playful banter between Leary and his captors, eager for inside information on the counter-culture. They become quite chummy in fact, and you get the feeling that the battle for liberation is a private game played between maverick and Establishment, with the poor public drifting on the sidelines.

Flashbacks is a stylish piece of work, switching from the Sixties to Leary's youth and back again. The language is breathless, convoluted, colourful, mind-blown; Tokyo, for example, is 'an urban hive fascinating to any diligent student of insectoid interpersonal relations' — which should please the Japanese Tourist Board. At the end of the book you are left wondering whether the drug culture was indeed a feasible plan for the high-tech future, or whether it was merely a burst of frustrated energy after post-war austerity and Vietnam stupidity. Whatever the reason, Leary has written a valuable document about the period.

David Lancaster

Who Killed Karen Silkwood?

HOWARD KOHN *New English Library* £5.95

Howard Kohn provides us with the most complete and authoritative account to date of the haunting and unsolved mystery surrounding the death of nuclear industry employee Karen Silkwood in 1974.

Ms Silkwood, an active trade unionist, was on her way to meet a reporter from the *New York Times* with evidence of lax safety practices at her employer Kerr McGee's plutonium factory in Ci-

marron, Oklahoma. Her car left the road, hit a culvert and she was killed instantly. When the reporter, a senior union official and her boyfriend rushed to the scene, and later collected her belongings, there was no sign of the manilla folder she was known to have had containing the evidence of malpractice. No one has ever satisfactorily explained the 'accident' or the disappearance of the crucial folder.

Kohn, a journalist, writes like a novelist. In a series of film-like snatches he replays the scenes, reproduces the dialogue and reconstructs the action, in most of which he was personally involved. His style will annoy those anxious for a well-referenced study, but delight those with a weakness for American thrillers. Occasionally he overdoes it. Descriptions of the personalities, love affairs and quarrels of the group of activists involved soon pall (do we really want to know that Bob Alvarez has eyes 'richly colored like dawn through stained glass'?). It is questionable whether there is any value in making heroes out of campaigners and sometimes the style makes real-life happenings hard to believe (like the discovery of plutonium in a package of baloney in Karen's fridge). However, the paranoia, frustration, anger and commitment of activists are communicated in a way no dry documentary could match. The result is a readable, enjoyable and chillingly instructive narrative.

Rob Edwards

The Imprisonment of the Innocent

MALCOLM SINCLAIR *Muller* £8.95

It is not often that practising barristers speak up against the shortcomings and prejudices of the legal system. For this reason alone Malcolm Sinclair's book is to be welcomed.

Sinclair is mostly concerned with the processes of law which can lead to the imprisonment before trial of innocent people for up to 12 months. He shows how police powers of arrest can be used to hold suspects in custody on very little evidence, how magistrates favour the prosecution when defendants ask for bail, and how, once acquitted, the innocent have no recourse to compensation, despite the fact that they may have been imprisoned for many months. The observation that the British herd of judges represents a virtual oligarchy recruited from the sequestered white male upper-middle classes is not new. Sinclair points out that in addition most judges have been successful prosecution council, and many, having been involved in civil as opposed to criminal law, have had no experience in defending those accused of criminal offences. The outcome, he argues, is that there is a tendency in many judges to favour the prosecution and the police.

However, despite its sympathetic purpose and the undoubted truthfulness of many of its points, *The Imprisonment of the Innocent* is a disappointing book. As a comprehensive study it is not well researched or documented. There are too few details. No individuals are named and there are no direct quotations of prejudiced rulings or summings up. Cases referred to are anonymous and anecdotal. On the other hand, as an essay exploring the shortcomings of the judiciary its terms of reference are not broad enough. A critique of the British legal system cannot be made without placing it in a wider political and economic context, which Sinclair does only by inference. The result is that there are many opinions and not enough facts. His consideration of rape, for instance, shows a marked lack of knowledge, as well as a grating insensitivity to its complexities.

The hopes of the publisher that this book would 'stir up considerable public debate with the

intention of successfully altering the interpretation of the law' will prove, I suspect, to be unrealised.

Simon North

The Battle for Bermondsey

PETER TATCHELL *Heretic Books* £7.95 & £2.95

This important book is not a work of introspection. Anyone picking it up in order to answer the question 'What makes Peter Tatchell tick?' will be disappointed. Nevertheless in its detailed and accurate portrayal it will remain the definitive record of these events from the perspective of the Left.

One of the book's strengths is Tatchell's attempt to locate the contemporary 'battle for Bermondsey' in the historical context of the achievements of the pre-War Bermondsey Labour Party. Even in summary they can still seem remarkable as an example of the pioneering successes of early British municipal socialism. The image of that lost Arcadia clearly fuels Tatchell's vision of what the Labour Party could be again were it to adopt his 'grass roots community socialism'.

But the battle for Bermondsey was lost. The book unfolds in detail the many reasons why: the years of post-war neglect and rottenness as Mellish's majority steadily fell, long before the arrival of Peter Tatchell, and which led to a 'takeover' by local party members of their own machine; the unseemly backstage manoeuvring which pressured Michael Foot into making the notorious blunder that was not a blunder on the floor of the House in December 1981; the vicious and contemptible press campaign of vilification and misrepresentation; the exploitation of the candidate's homosexuality or 'support for gay rights' as it coyly became; the lack of any clear evidence that the Party hierarchy wanted Peter Tatchell to win the by-election; the demeanor of the former MP; and a host of other factors. No candidate in the history of the Labour Party can have entered on an election campaign in more inauspicious circumstances.

In spite of the lucidity and honesty of this account — if we excuse the occasional Spartist over-emphatic split infinitive or Kinnockian adjectival incontinence ('the party leaders were adamant and unmoved') — there will still remain unanswered questions. Peter Tatchell convincingly defends his sense of the term 'extra-parliamentary action' which proved so troublesome. He provides an economical demolition of the Liberals' 'community politics'. He outlines valuable reforms of parliament, the media and attitudes to homosexuality. But why did those of us whom he describes as 'the younger intellectual and professional members' on the Left not support his candidature originally, however vigorously we swung to his defence when he came under attack? Why does there sometimes seem something of the bumptious sixth former about some of his political declarations: clever, simplistic and rather bossy? Doesn't one sometimes miss a sense of profounder engagement with some of these issues? Can one ask whether he was the right choice for Bermondsey without being branded as a craven dupe of the yellow press? Or is it insensitive to do so given the way he was so grossly abused by those who proclaimed from the gutter or the back of draymen's carts that he was so unsuitable?

If these are ungracious questions they need to be answered if we are to understand Bermondsey and the Party of whose struggles it seemed a microcosm. Peter Tatchell in this truthful and necessary book has helped us to start finding answers.

Nicholas Murray

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FICTION
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Sign language

The Name of the Rose

UMBERTO ECO *Secker* £8.95

1934

ALBERTO MORAVIA *Secker* £8.50

Winter's Tale

MARK HELPRIN *Weidenfeld* £8.95

Umberto Eco is a Milanese semiotician: a linguist concerned with signals and signs. It is thus no accident that his first novel essays the detective story, a form in which scattered hints and clues are assembled to decode a mystery.

The Name of the Rose is set in a Mediaeval Italian monastery as isolated as the snow-bound Orient Express. We are encouraged to believe that the text has arrived via several translations from lost editions. Hovering over it, like the shade of blind Milton superintending *Paradise Lost*, is Jorge Luis Borges. We are in a landscape where fiction and reality obligingly intersect. Significantly, the author says that in Buenos Aires he came across a book 'on the use of mirrors in the game of chess', and this teasing study underpins his own metaphysical preoccupations. *The Name of the Rose* is a gaze through a glass, lightly.

Brother William of Baskerville is conscripted by the abbot to solve a disquieting murder case. A young monk has apparently been pushed through the library window and is smashed on the rocks below. William is a literary cousin of Sherlock Holmes: thin, aquiline and prone to narcotic indolence between bouts of uncanny energy. He is accompanied by a scribal Watson called Adso, who, like the doctor of Baker Street, lives in awe of his confederate. Again as in Conan Doyle, it is the accident prone assistant to whom the sleuth owes his immortality. Holmes unriddles the crimes; it is Watson who commends them to print.

Unlike the bracing tales in the *Strand Magazine*, however, Eco's novel expands to take in copious details about monastic life and religious schisms. Although this information interrupts the detective story we are expecting to read, it nonetheless signals the particular sort of novel Eco really has in store. *The Name of the Rose* intends to give us a picture of the environment in which it takes place. It is an anthropological novel, *Montaillou* with a plot.

The importance of the novel's intellectual claims is symbolised in the library which the monastery possesses. Indeed, it is the greatest store of knowledge in Christendom; but its secrets are known to the librarian alone: 'Because not all truths are for all ears, not all falsehoods can be recognised as such by a pious soul.' To protect its dangerous ideas, the labyrinth of cerebral notions is designed

as an actual maze. It is also booby-trapped with confusing mirrors and secret doors. Lamps smoulder with hallucinogenic drugs. Shuffling around this sacred repository is the blind and ancient monk Jorge of Burgos, who, the narrator notices, 'was omnipresent in all corners of the abbey.' Eco allows his mentors to walk abroad in his work as Homer and Shakespeare do in Joyce's.

Borges's fascination with mirrors, libraries and mazes gets pushed as far as it will go. Bibliography is a world of secret codes. William deduces the meaning locked within the apparently eccentric catalogue of the monastery's library and it becomes a place of Borgesian ingenuity. But beyond this reverential nod to the Argentinian and the jokey homage to Conan Doyle, a very interesting critical point is being made: 'The good of a book lies in its being read. A book is made up of signs that speak of other signs, which in their turn speak of things. Without an eye to read them, a book contains signs that produce no concepts.' Solving a murder case and unravelling the riddles that libraries house are analogous activities. *The Name of the Rose* superimposes the procedures.

1934 involves a failed suicide malingering in Fascist Italy. He meets a German wife with whom he conducts an affair like 'the enraptured atmosphere surrounding two singers as they perform a love duet'. They never speak but communicate in a pantomime of stares and gesture. Beate is a young actress regarded by the gloomy writer who narrates for us as a version of Dante's Beatrice. A chaste totem, she is an intimation of mortality.

This theme is deepened when the narrator receives an annotated copy of the letters of Heinrich von Kleist. The marked passage is interpreted as a signal for mutual suicide: 'so I found myself up against someone who meant to do seriously in real life what I wanted to have a character do in my novel: namely, what I didn't want to do in real life myself.' The mortuary atmosphere is dispelled when Beate vanishes to be replaced by her twin, Trude. Their characters are diametrically opposed. Beate was bookish, pale and wan; Trude is a seductive flapper who belongs to the Party. She was once moved to ecstasy at a Hitler rally.

Fascism is etymologically linked with a grandiose, formal ball to which only certain races can be invited. Intellectuals are taboo. Even the narrator is called upon literally to display his credentials by dropping his shorts to prove he is not Jewish. The book ends with a remarkable sequence of twists. Beate and Trude, like the two Isolde, are a mysterious double act. But if their appearance is an elaborate hoax, what does the joke signify? Moravia's answers are alarming.

Winter's Tale culls eccentric images and surrealistic events from the phantasmagoria of New York. It begins with a lullaby of Broadway, the escape of a milkman's dray. Peter Lake, a picaresque burglar, bobs into the story, a modern Moses, in a cradle made from a model liner. *Moise* means basket in Hebrew, the waste paper version of which should receive this pretentious, strutting and fretting nonsense. □

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by R. Kurian. No. 5

This study explains the historical emergence and spread of the plantation form of labour organisations and its evolution in Sri Lanka in particular. Within this context, the nature and conditions of work by women on tea, rubber and coconut plantations are portrayed. The study reveals the difficulties which remain even after the workers become organised and the estates nationalised. Constructive improvements are proposed.

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PERFORMANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Glad rags

Lindsay Kemp *Sadler's Wells*

Lindsay Kemp is back from his home in Barcelona after six years. Memories linger of a debauched *Salome* giving to Wilde what he only dared imagine and *Cruel Garden*, a prize-winning poetic essay on Lorca, finely conceived for Ballet Rambert. Now, it is the turn of Shakespeare, Nijinsky and Walton's *Façade*; the public following remains.

It seems fitting that Kemp chose to rework *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which he or, rather, David Haughton (collaborator, propagandist and author of voluminous programme notes) considers the most fantastical of Shakespeare's plays. In it, he relies occasionally upon shreds of the text, but he feels free to alter the tale at will: the Fairy King and Queen double with Theseus and Hippolyta, the mischievous dew-drops are administered by a wilful Oberon rather than Puck, the rude mechanicals are *commedia* clowns or derivatives, and, though the horned moon and lion are retained, Pyramus and Thisbe become Romeo and a Juliet 12 feet tall on stilts. Kemp determinedly exploits every opportunity for sexual innuendo or overt reference: the four lovers copulate on stage and add gay outrageousness to the confusion; Cobweb, Mustardseed & Co. are lecherous satyrs with raucous singing voices; Bottom is transformed not into an ass but a unicorn unable to control his monstrous potency – Titania, played in travesty by The Incredible Orlando, loves every bit of it.

Taking such shaky liberties, Kemp has landed himself with the task of making some fabric out of the tatters of Shakespeare, using his personal idiom and company, part dancers, part acrobats, part actors. Since none of the narrative points connects any longer, we see distorted snapshots of the tale. It is a parasitic work addressing an audience *au fait* with the original. Some of the effects are undoubtedly splendid, not-

ably the seemingly gigantic royal pairs dripping with sparkles; Carlos Miranda's score is always effective whether new music or remoulding of Mendelssohn and others; Kemp himself is an irritating stubby little Puck but possessing charisma. However, the whole experience remains insubstantial. Certainly Kemp is no choreographer. He can barely string a phrase of steps together, technique and dance style remain undeveloped by the nature of his work.

From treatment of Shakespeare to more recent themes. Kemp's *Façade* was created for La Scala to commemorate Walton's 80th birthday. Edith Sitwell's surreal poems are never easy to comprehend. Delivered like patter songs, they seem a shimmer of sophisticated, cosmopolitan imagery, so only the most bilingual and erudite of Milanese would have made much sense of them. This is the key to Kemp's stage version – ignore the words beyond very clear signals: a dago for Don Pasquito, an admiral, and the coloration of Walton's pastiche Spanish dance, waltz, polka or foxtrot with appropriate ensemble work. The setting purports to be Brighton in 1914, an aeroplane flies through the stereo and the event closes with an artillery thump to suggest the coming war and the end of a leisured era. But the 21 settings, repeatedly separated by blackouts, contain little evidence of imagination, wit or structure. The costumes too are disconcertingly tatty.

Nijinsky the Fool is Kemp's attempt to come to terms with 'the chameleon' that was the man but inseparable from the myths spun around him and the roles he played. It is partly a voyage through Nijinsky's career in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and his subsequent insanity. Miranda's 'collage' score quotes knowingly from Debussy, Stravinsky, Weber etc. You've got to be quick – Nijinsky's role as the Golden Slave in

Scheherazade is indicated momentarily by a shaft of golden light, likewise pink for *Spectre de la rose*. The setting is a little like the unruly toyshops of *Boutique fantasque* or *Coppélia* Act II, the scenes from the ballets animated by a Magician, a sort of Diaghilev who exerts both productive and malignant influence on Kemp the Fool. It is also, of course, the environment of Nijinsky's demented mind. Finally, the Blackamoor lookalike scimitars him dead (as he does Petrushka in the Fokine) but to the music of the sacrifice of the Chosen Virgin from the *Rite of Spring*. The Magician bandies a mere puppet before the spectators, then Kemp appears upstage in semi-nude immortal glory.

In Kemp's three pieces and perhaps many more, you find the slow motion glide and writhe, a smattering of ballet steps awkwardly, if at all, phrased, the drag elements, the obligatory liquid nitrogen, the clouds of Johnson's Baby Powder, the mobile mouths randy and round, the camp posturing, the gloom and the glitter, Kemp's fluttering eyelids and orgasmic body quivers. He denudes his well-known content, slaps on it his own sparse and now impotent effects so that each piece makes roughly the same statement. Statement?

The lengthy programme notes suggest a formidable artistic struggle and thoroughness of research while professing a complexity of ideas summed up as Kemp's obsession with parody, playing with cliché, transformation and desire to keep each work in an unfinished state. But these are more likely to be excuses for lack of any statement at all. Perhaps the most apt note tells us that 'the most tangible level is simply that of Kemp and his company inhabiting the theatrical moment'. This they do, assuming the Kemp stance and parading at just one more fancy dress party. □

OPERA
Andrew Clements

Two rings

The Rheingold
New Theatre, Cardiff
The Valkyrie
Coliseum

Two productions of *The Ring*, both sung in English, were launched within 24 hours of one another. Welsh National Opera's, directed by Göran Järvefelt and conducted by Richard Armstrong, began at the beginning with *Rheingold*, continues with *The Valkyrie* in February and adds the remaining two operas next season. The English National's approach is to be more circumspect: *The Valkyrie*, in the charge of David Pountney and Mark Elder, is all that has been announced so far, and apparently that was chosen as a first instalment because

Lindsay Kemp and Company: sound, fury and liquid nitrogen signifying very little



there were problems in casting *Rheingold*. The two productions proved to be similar in several respects, musical and dramatic, though the ENO went much farther towards producing some kind of positive statement.

Both Järvefelt and Pountney have been heavily influenced by Chéreau's centenary *Ring* for Bayreuth, which looks set to become as influential in the 1980s as Wieland Wagner's Bayreuth stagings were for the 1950s. It is the *Ring* of the 19th century – an industrialised view for the post-industrial age: Wotan in Victorian smoking jacket, Alberich presiding over a steamily realistic forge. So the Welsh *Rheingold* opens on a Rhine flowing beneath an iron bridge, the English *Valkyrie* on Hunding's 'hut' as a spacious baronial hall with ash tree thrust between a double staircase. Both define themselves in a single glance. It is an unequal comparison however, for WNO lacks the resources and extent of the Coliseum stage in which to fulfil its designs, and in consequence creates a series of fudged and partial images that worry and hinder the action when they are not simply dull.

Pountney does much better – the first act goes marvellously, sustained by three incisive and well sung performances, tension built up from the moment of Hunding's entrance and sustained to the close; the second act takes place in a circular library, whose concentric rings suggest some giant astrolabe, though the failure to banish the book-lined walls before the second scene is a serious mistake. The third act is a visual tour de force: the Valkyries tend a mausoleum panelled by rolls of honour for the fallen warriors and pivoting upon a tilting, revolving disc which the singers must negotiate as best they can. It invariably looks attractive, despite passing inconsistencies, and that the new *Rheingold* never does, with its tacky sets and sketchily defined stage pictures combined with an uncanny knack of contradicting the dramatic sense of the music whenever the opportunity arises.

Yet Järvefelt and Pountney alike fail crucially to absorb the most important lesson of Chéreau's production. In the Bayreuth *Ring* (especially on television) the neo-realist trappings were secondary to a view of the tetralogy that brilliantly teased out the internal relationships of the drama; characters were illuminated as never before. Such an approach demands the excellent acting Chéreau obtained; hard-edged, three-dimensional surroundings imply believable, three-dimensional figures, rather than the amorphous, symbolic portrayals that would pass muster in a more nebulous setting. None of the Welsh cast momentarily suggests real flesh and blood, Nigel Douglas's acerbic Loge apart; and after a tightly drawn first act this *Valkyrie* falls back too easily on stock characterisations that could be acceptable in any less specific surroundings.

Realism implies also a 'realist' approach to the score, in which music and dramatic action are intimately linked, with the conductor always prepared to follow the exigencies of the stage: Boulez's reading may not be entirely satisfying on disc, but it fitted Chéreau's direction like a glove. Richard Armstrong and Mark Elder have learnt

much from Reginald Goodall, whose numinous performances have inspired both ENO and WNO Wagner productions in the past, and essay the same kind of long-limbed, rich-toned approach with predominantly slow tempi. Armstrong's *Rheingold* is an unbearably protracted affair, running for not far short of three hours; Elder's second act of *Valkyrie* sags alarmingly in the middle, destroying the cumulative impact of Brunnhilde's dialogue with Siegmund. The early part of the same act is saved by Sarah Walker's incisive Fricka and Anthony Raffles's bludgeoning, secure Wotan, though the narration afterwards proceeds without any real interest. None of it though is sufficiently full bodied to be convincing, and neither conductor does much to suspend dramatic disbelief.

The visit to Cardiff was, I'm afraid, quite without a saving grace. But at the Coliseum Alberto Remedios's Siegmund was a joy, engaging and delivered with enormous generosity of tone; Josephine Barstow's Sieglinde was so thrillingly sung at crucial moments that one forgave the odd uneasy passage for the sake of the whole. Willard White also was a truly imposing Hunding, oozing menace and implacable aggression. It is on the basis of their first act together that this new *Ring* holds much promise, and the rest of *Valkyrie* is not beyond redemption either; there is certainly enough meat to make one wonder where it all goes next. □

The film column will be back next week.

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Mirror-dance

IT SEEMED right somehow that the 'natural compromise choice' for the Booker Prize should be the writer who couldn't be at the party (**Bookmark** BBC-2). It was a Borges-influenced occasion, obviously, and I'm sure my family weren't the only ones to assume that Borges had won the mysterious 'Book' prize. He came on later (**Arena** BBC-2) after a decent interval for the Australia v. Wales snooker match, another Borgesian image, and was perfectly at home in the medium that is 'a game of sardines for grown-ups'.

A blind foreign writer is really the perfect guest for television because absolutely everything is elsewhere, like a Greek tragedy. Borges is if anything too aware of television's tuppenny-halfpenny requirements. I caught him charming invisible audiences with the same routine in at least two other places last week. He sold his blindness from a tray with a light in it: 'First to go were the black and red, and last the green and yellow. I am left with whitish

No Mugg

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shapes that are not quite darkness.' As a little boy in specs, 'quite unbearable', Borges' idea of heaven was a library full of 19th-century English books: Wells, Stephenson, Twain, G.K. He had nine years of solid unhappiness in a suburban library, working one hour, reading and writing the rest. In 1954, the year he went blind, he was offered the curatorship of the Buenos Aires Library: thousands of books with no words in them. Was he unhappy? That would be foolish, no? The idea of 'the other' is everywhere in his work, so 'It is to the other that things happen. I note with satisfaction that he can barely see.' The knife fight is another kind of mirror-dance - 'The original owners of the knives were rivals who never met. Now their knives were meeting . . . ' Borges told us that cockfights were very interesting for a near-sighted person. You had to cover your trousers with old newspapers.

I shall never forget his theory of the short story: 'What you see first is the blood - then you go after the characters.' He seemed astonished when the interviewer took seriously his invention of a 'giant's handbook'. 'Why should a giant need a handbook?' he asked, enjoying himself at last. 'That would be an enormous book, no? A very bulky volume.' It was a kind of lightness rare on TV's weighing scales.

The runner-up for this week's Booker prize has to be Harold Evans with his non-fiction tribute to the beguiling Rupert Murdoch, who now controls half the newspapers in this country. Evans's main appearance was in **Bad Times at the Times** (C4). Why had Murdoch wanted the ailing monster in the first place? It wasn't hard to understand the advantages of Establishment respectability, membership of the Athenaeum etc, for the wild colonial boy who lacked only an adequate power base in order to prove his fidelity to Thatcherite Britain by taking advantage of all the marvellous opportunities held out to millionaires like himself. It seems unlikely that he can hang on to much respectability now that Evans has told his side of the story.

Mrs Thatcher was equally keen for the digger to swipe the paper and was in a better position than most to overcome the guarantees and conditions imposed on its autonomy by Parliament. The trick was to represent the Times group as a non-profit-making organisation so as not to come up against the Monopolies Commission. Evans could only wonder what happened to the *Sunday Times'* £4.6m profit for that year, claiming that John Biffen simply misled the House by adjusting the figures. Needless to say, Honest John couldn't make the programme.

The world is full of so much shindiggery and skulduggery it isn't surprising we're as miserable as buggery.

After Evans, it seemed like a good idea to check out John Junor, longest running editor in Fleet St. If I'd realised that **Around With Alliss** (BBC-2) was another golfing programme I wouldn't have bothered. It made me want to play golf more than read the *Sunday Express*. It looks fun whacking a ball into the blue to cries of 'Good shot!' and 'Nice one' from some dependable sporting

type. But in case anyone cares who's irresponsible for the contents of the *Sunday Express*, Mr Junor's main claim to fame seems to be that he criticised MPs for giving more petrol to themselves than to businessmen (and him) during the Suez crisis and was called to the House to account for it. 'Were you nervous?' 'No, I felt I was justified. A good newspaper ought to be holding up a light in a dark world - to spotlight injustices and be on the side of the country.' 'Oh, good shot, sir!' The half-hour show is a mixture of highly acclaimed golfing strokes and mild questioning. E.g. was Beaverbrook really a great man? 'Oh, unquestionably. He had the greatest IQ I ever met.' 'Do you consider yourself as a kind of wicked Nigel Dempster type?' Of course he doesn't, Alliss. What a stupid question! He sees himself as a kind of St George and the Dragon, campaigning for Truth, Justice and Mrs Thatcher, who is 'unquestionably the way forward for this country and it doesn't matter if we lose circulation on account of it.' What a really marvellous shot, sir! You can't be serious? □

THEATRE

Paul Allen

Going west

Lovers Dancing

CHARLES DYER *Albery*

Pack of Lies

HUGH WHITEMORE *Lytic*

The Custom of the Country

NICHOLAS WRIGHT *The Pit*

Plays by young writers about what hell it is to be young are worth indulging for what may follow. But what possible excuse can there be for anyone connected with **Lovers Dancing**? This menopausal whinge about what hell it is to be middle-aged comes from the author of *Rattle of a Simple Man* and *Staircase*, both of which were compassionate comic studies of loneliness behind brassy exteriors.

The new play opens promisingly enough if only because Paul Eddington and Jane Carr are on stage bickering gently and you know there are still Colin Blakely and Georgina Hale to come. They play two couples who have annual reunions to recall a *Come Dancing* extravaganza followed by a sort of orgy in which one of the women became pregnant. A little of the next few hours is needed to discover exactly who did what to whom 19 years ago: who fathered the son on Ms Hale when all four were in bed and who cut through Mr Eddington's braces button just before he took the floor.

But most of the play is an over-written recitation of complaint. Mr Blakely is rich but can't or won't take any further interest in sex, whereas his wife (Ms Hale) won't or can't stop. Mr Eddington's libido on the

other hand is ablaze with Scandinavian fantasies but he has felt a personal failure since he didn't qualify as a doctor and didn't win the cup on that dancing night long ago.

The play ends with a little coda suggesting that happiness is better than untold riches (get away!), but its real climax is a rather offensive speech delivered with massive elan by Ms Hale: she's sorry about the world's problems but they're not her fault so she intends to carry on having fun. As she is in a revealing leopard-skin suit and has just had a good bash at seducing Mr Eddington for a bet, the nature of this choice, unquestioned by the play and mildly applauded by the audience, is in no doubt.

I could watch Paul Eddington recite telephone directories. His timing, his ability to convey the genuine panic of the apparently controlled man whose life is getting dangerously out of kilter, and his unrivalled capacity for sheer likeability remain just about intact. But even for him I felt not a second of sympathetic grief. Donald McWhinnie directs this life-sapping evening and it is duly embalmed in a lavish set by Peter Rice.

I spend so much time on *Lovers Dancing* because by common consent a small boom is on in the West End and the West End is again blowing its chances. There are so many opening nights no single critic can go to them all, which is good; it prevents any individual from feeling he or she can manage it. But yet again the commercial theatre, always competitive, is resolving itself into a gladiatorial contest for actors.

In the interval of **Pack of Lies** I heard someone wonder why there hadn't been a round of applause for Judi Dench's first appearance; there had been for Penelope Keith in *Hay Fever* the night before. Audiences are not yet quite so corrupted by the smell of blood and if Judi Dench had got a round I might have done something embarrassing. She and Michael Williams play the cardiganed lower-middle-class friends and neighbours of spies, the Krogers, and Hugh Whitemore's fluent but low-key play is about the strains they are put under when they in turn are forced to engage in deceit. Richard Vernon embodies MI6, using Bob and Barbara's house to spy on the Krogers and tricking Barbara in particular to fool Helen Kroger (Barbara Leigh-Hunt) who is her best friend into thinking nothing is wrong.

The official pay-off is a gift from the government of a set of fish knives, silver plated. The true pay-off for Barbara is the heart attack she dies from after the Krogers have served nine years in prison and then been swapped for a British businessman.

This news comes in the final speech of the play from Mr Williams, the last of a string of monologues to the audience. I can think of nobody who could better convey the pathos of a suburban husband, his baggy trousers and slicked-back hair a million miles from the swinging Sixties going on somewhere outside, who retains his dignity somehow in the middle of heartbreaking loss.

It is only just short of being heroic. So perhaps is the play, directed smoothly by Clifford Williams. It is a much more worthwhile night out than *Lovers Dancing*

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) low price reviews 'Jean Seberg'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'You can't take it with You'. 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', last perf. 'Inner Voices'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Antigone', 'Glenagarry Glen Ross'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

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but it doesn't quite impose itself on you as something you would hate to have missed.

Nor does **The Custom of the Country**. But Nicholas Wright's variation on a theme of Beaumont and Fletcher was the most life-affirming play of my week. It is set in the Zambezi valley and Johannesburg and in the background is the founding of Rhodesia and the steady cheating, rape and murder of black Africa.

In the foreground is a story of a white missionary and an African girl who marry but are forced to run from the local Portuguese nabobs' insistence on *droit de seigneur*. They meet again in a city brothel where he has and she hasn't, according to the morality of the day. It is a charming comedy without stars but with excellent performances on a set consisting of sand with what may be two Kaffir huts behind but look to me suspiciously like giant breasts. The women are outstanding, notably Josette Simon, Sara Kestelman and, above all, Sinéad Cusack as the brothel queen who – poignantly rather than tragically – falls for the missionary. On the face of it her dilemma is the shallowest facing this week's heroines but her pain cuts deepest. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2795 Set by G. L. Jessop

You know, perhaps, Harry Graham's proposal for 'poetical economy':

I gladly publish to the pop.
A scheme of which I make no myst.
And beg my fellow scribes to cop.
This labour-saving syst.
I offer it to the consid.
Of every thoughtful individ.

Up to 16 lines of verse, please, with at least one abbrev. word in every line. By 18 November.

No 2792 Set by F. R. Spofforth

Limericks about films, operas, ballets or TV shows.

Report By Jeff Squiffy

My head aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense; I have just ploughed through several hundred limericks. This is as nothing, however, compared to the achievement of Eric Oakley (yes really) Parrott, who read 10,000 of the little blighters while compiling his *Penguin Book of Limericks*. Thanks to the bounteous decency of Allen Lane, each winner named below will receive a copy of this glorious volume (worth £7.95). The rest of you should buy one forthwith: it is this year's *compulsory* Christmas present.

The characters portrayed in *Dallas*
Are scheming, conniving and callous.
Their family fights
Over oil-bearing sites
Are settled by use of the phallus.

C. J. RALPHS

Don Giovanni, an amorous codger,
Scoured Europe for ladies to roger,
Till a fatherly statue
Declaimed: 'Oh you rat, you!'
And Hades received a new lodger.

GEORGE SIMMERS

L'Après Midi d'un Faune

One p.m. a randy young fawn
Met six nubile maids all forlorn
But they beat a retreat,
Overwhelmed by the heat,
Without even stroking his horn.

PETER ALEXANDER

The Sound of Music

Ex-nun works for widower chap;
Teaches seven kids (his) to trill pap;
Then, because she's so nice,
And can sing *Edelweiss*,
She gets caught in a family Trapp.

Star Wars

Two robots, who squeak well or speak well;
Four humans who know their mystique well;
And a yeti – all sinless –
Smash Darth, who is Guinness.
And that, folks, is only the *sequel*!

WILL BELLENGER

Madam Butterfly's feeling so cheery
As she waves 'au lever' to her dearie,
Then she learns she's been had
By a bigamous cad,
And retires to commit hara-kiri.

GAVIN J. S. ROSS

Psycho

A manager of a motel
Bids one of his clients farewell
In a shower, with a knife,
Due to internal strife
From relating to mother too well.

V. ERNEST COX

At Brookside a number of scouses
Keep popping in each other's houses;
Though it's hard to make out
What they're talking about,
It appears they're not yet swapping spouses.

KEN RUDGE

Belle du Jour

A bored, randy housewife once turned
To the calling of call-girl; she learned
To encourage perversion
(Thus helping insertion) –
Her stripes were successfully earned.

Maybe *Blow-up* at first isn't boring –
Snapshots, gunshots, V. Redgrave imploring –
Yet all that befalls
Is a load of no-balls
And a great deal of Hemming and whoring.

I. D. M. MORLEY

A lady thought killing a cop
Would save a young chap from the chop;
They burst into song,
But the rescue went wrong
And Tosca went over the top.

The Tates and the Campbells in *Soap*
Would hardly appeal to the Pope,
Whose favourite viewing
Does not include screwing
And gaydom and murder and dope.

NAOMI MARKS

Crossroads

A motel located near Brum
Employed Sharon and Glenda and Mum
Not to mention poor Benny
Who seldom made any
Remark that was other than glum.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

FIRST PERSON



Jeremy
Lewis

Travellers' tales

TEN YEARS AGO, before Paul Theroux's *The Great Railway Bazaar* made travel writing more popular and more fashionable than it had been since the 1930s, a writer rash enough to suggest a travel book to the wise owls of the publishing trade would have met with a dusty answer. 'There's no joy in travel books. Tourism and television have made them a thing of the past.' Suitably abashed, embryo Peter Flemings and Patrick Leigh Fermors no doubt stole away and wrote instead some of those intimate, numbingly tedious accounts of obscure communities or muscular professions that so delighted the radical, noble-minded readers of the Sixties and early Seventies.

Much as I admire the new generation of travel writers and pleasing as it is to see the experts outwitted once again, I have a sneaking sympathy with those unprophetic publishers of yesteryear. They may have been wrong about both the talent for writing travel books and the appetite for reading them, but they were probably right in their assumption that the camera and the jumbo jet have, between them, taken much of the magic out of travel, at least for the armchair traveller.

Part of this feeling that travel is no longer quite what it was is, of course, straightforward snobbery: sneers about fish-and-chip shops on the Costa and plastic food in plastic hotels and bored and baffled herds of Japanese tourists being shunted round Mycenae or the Pyramids are combined with an understandable nostalgia for those far-off days when the true traveller was a rangy, self-confident Brit, in knee-length shorts or an ankle-length skirt, with a masterly grip on non-European languages and a winning way with the locals.

But it's not quite as simple as that. Travel writing and travellers' tales deal in the stuff of myths and dreams, in our persistent, melancholy hankering for a lost Arcadia, for a prelapsarian Shangri La; and the more ubiquitous the Diners' Card and the tourist coach and the banal, intrusive lens of the television camera, the less room remains in which our starved imaginations and battered souls can soothe and stretch themselves in the vain but necessary belief that somewhere, sometime, the Great Good Place will be found, shimmering in the distance like Alan Quartermaine's city on the lake or the perfect pastoral of Claude or Poussin. Hovering elusively in the background of one's own modest, local expeditions – and in all the most memorable travel writing – is an implicit assumption that over the hori-

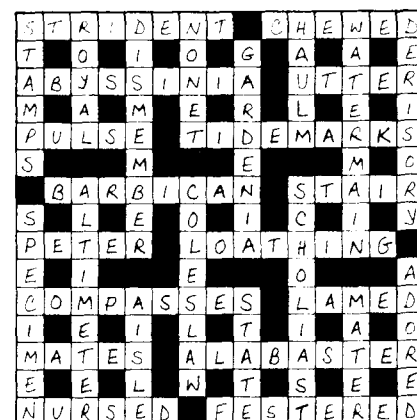
zon (or the next range of hills) the traveller will come across undiscovered worlds in which the tiresome restraints of time and human frailty have somehow been suspended; and, like good jokes or those all-too-rare moments when belief in the Old Gentleman Upstairs seems more than mere wishful thinking, the best travellers' tales fight shy of the explicit and the blow-by-blow.

In an age in which round the world yachtsmen have microphones thrust in their face by newsmen dangling out of helicopters as they battle round Cape Horn in 40ft waves, polar explorers report their daily doings on the nine o'clock news, and men on the moon clock in with all the excitement of the 8.15 from Leatherhead arriving at Waterloo, I pine for the days when (at the risk of being denounced as irredeemably Eurocentric) large swathes of Asia and Africa and the Americas were *terra incognita* and expeditions were mounted to trace the source of mighty rivers and tread where no man had trod before, when Rider Haggard

could write novels about mysterious, lost civilisations in the middle of Africa and the over-heated imagination of the armchair traveller could be excited almost to bursting point by those gloomy, storm-wracked steel engravings in the *Illustrated London News* – so incomparably more evocative and romantic than all but the most faded photographs – in which no cliff is under a thousand feet high and the seas are swept by tidal waves.

I feel particularly strongly about the steel engravings, since photographs – colour photographs in particular – must be the romantic traveller's equivalent of those legendary mixtures commanding officers were said to stir into their soldiers' tea to dampen down their uncontrollable sexual appetites. All too often, it seems to me, places one had longed to see were blighted not just by tourist buses and Coca Cola tins, but by pictorial over-exposure in advance. Only when one had no idea of what to expect – in the Aran Islands, or Central America 20 years ago – could true travelling begin. But that is another story . . .

Solution to 1418



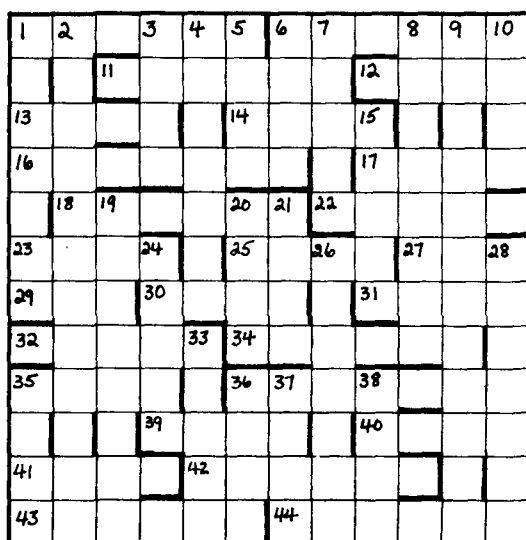
Prizewinners to 1418

Janet Fraser (London N22)
Mrs D. Grout (Thorpe, Norwich)
John A. B. Petrie (Aberdeen)

Salamanca 74

'Jungli'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 74, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 29 November.



Asterisked clues are definitions of words which must be translated into the tongue of the 26, as used by 1Ac. (who naturally goes with 35Ac.). Solvers will not necessarily require the source reference since these clues contain the hidden letter mix of the translation (except 5 & 21, which provide each other's letters) and in any case the uncrossed letters of the above make you NARRATE.

Name _____

Address _____

ACROSS

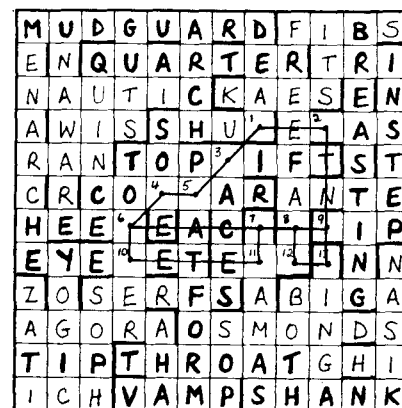
- *6 Not a trumpeter in a band? (8)
- 11 Book – it's short, dull, old, and in English (6)
- 12 Hill mass of Spain and South America (4)
- 13 Formerly an excerpt from a greater story (4)
- 14 Girl that's crazy about one (4)
- 16 Giving up business in Aberdeen to scratch about in existing surround (7)
- 17 Pen old tale (and go over it aloud?) (4)
- 18 Needing suffering first, is mad dabling with it (6)
- *22 Her cubs roar? (7)
- 23 Strong beer containing head (4)
- 25 30's unlikely partner in pacific ambience (4)
- 27 Letters (but you might find them separating some) (3)
- 29 Shout to sister it's time for a decision (3)
- 30 Love to dive into deep ravine, 5? He'll need to be courageous (4)
- 31 Round faces in picture (4)
- 32 A grouse – a sandpiper with a different head (5)
- 34 Inexperienced youth making wild lunges (6)
- 36 By and among mess he scares (7)
- 39 What Time will do with scythe for each one in turn? (4)
- 40 Was civilian held in these cells? (4)
- 41 About time when you reckon you'll arrive, she'll be there (4)
- 42 Cross and infirm in whim and yen (6)
- *43 He'll be spotted running with extreme haste (7)
- *44 This had Mowgli coiled (5)

DOWN

- 1 Hair etc., prepared as cure for snake-bites once (7)
- 2 Tossed hardest caber 22 yards (12)
- 3 21? First and last character found up a tree (4)
- 4 These cupids are little with love that's right inside (7)
- *5 He might roar at 21 (4)
- 6 Duck – it's small and found on canal and lake (4)

- 7 Almost any one when giving another name (5)
- 8 Cap turned on last of the paint solvent (8)
- 9 Causer of anatomical disorder (fur can fall out) (12)
- 10 Attack – torpedo-like, say (4)
- 15 Loose women dead drunk in bars (5)
- 19 E.T.'s one, turning up after his own kind – what did they do to him? (8)
- *20 Work hard beginning to saw wood (4)
- *21 He might take to trees to escape 5 (6)
- 24 This apode may be a developer? (5)
- *26 In an image of a hairy ancestor (3)
- 28 One among ships at sea – like armada? (7)
- 33 Choose to change sides and get raise (5)
- 35 They perform nasty tasks and make heartless jests (4)
- *36 He'll bear a bony head-growth (4)
- 37 One given to hard work set first to catch fish (4)
- 38 These animals, when raised, are surrounded by blue (4)

Solution to Salamanca 73



Unclued answers are parts of a shoe.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 73

Ann Aldred (London SE6)
C. A. Baker (Kinross-shire)
David Alan Smith (Kiribati, C. Pacific)

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LISTINGS

FRI 4 NOVEMBER

LONDON American Power and Soviet Threat? Critique meeting 7.30pm ULU, Malet St, WC1

LONDON Peter Sedgwick Memorial Evening - a social gathering with readings from his letters, articles. Food/drink. All who miss Peter welcome. 7pm October Gallery, 24 Old Gloucester St, Queen Square, WC1. Details: Richard Kuper, Pluto Press, The Works, 105a Torrione Ave, NWS. 01-482 1973.

LONDON Grand Diwali Dinner Dance in aid of Solomon Mahlangu Freedom College set up in Tanzania by African National Congress. Music by 'Goldust'. Bar. Adm £5. 7pm-12.30am at Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd, W2. Tickets from D. Iyer, 63 Natal Rd, SW16, 01-677 3334/T. Vassan, 71 Stratford Ave, SW16 01-679 3106. Org ANC S. London Union, PO Box 38, 28 Penton St, N1. 01-837 2012.

BIRMINGHAM Public Meeting Birmingham Nuclear Freeze Council. 7.30pm Digbeth Civic Hall.

SAT 5 NOVEMBER

LONDON Hands Off Grenada, march and rally, assemble 1pm Hyde Park, march via US Embassy to rally in Jubilee Gdns. Org New Jewel Movement Support Group 01-359 2270.

LONDON Second London Labour Movement Conference on Esperanto. 10.30-4pm County Hall, SE1.

LONDON 'The Future of the NHS and Prevention of Ill-health' - Autumn Conf. of Campaign for the Prevention of Ill health, Socialist Health Assoc. 10am-5pm Mary Ward Hall, 9 Tavistock Pl, WC1. Spkrs incl. Neil Kinnock, MP, Rodney Bickerstaffe, Gen Sec NUPE. Coffee, tea, bring packed lunch. Tickets £3/£1 unwaged from SHA, 195 Walworth Rd, SE17 01-703 6838.

LONDON Official Opening of SHA New Offices. 7pm 195 Walworth Rd, SE17. Buffet Supper. Spkrs Eric Heffer MP, Gwyneth Dunwoody. Tickets £5 from above.

GUILDFORD 'Women into Politics' workshop and dayschool on TV and interview techniques. Fee £15 incl snack lunch. Guildford Inst University of Surrey, Ward St. Details and study pack: Juliet Clark, Dept of Educational Studies, University of Surrey, Guildford GU1 2ET, Ext 877/620.

SWANSEA The Future for Labour, Ann Clwyd, Peter Hain, Labour Party Day School, 10.30am AUEW House, Orchard St. Info 0792-468934.

SUN 6 NOVEMBER

LONDON What does MAPAM stand for? 8pm 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Org MAPAM - for a progressive Israel. Info 01-328 2554.

LONDON London Labour Campaign for Gay Rights. 6pm Marchmont Community Centre, Marchmont St, WC1.

MON 7 NOVEMBER

LONDON Television History Workshop. 7.30pm Black Horse public house, Rathbone Pl, W1. Free.

NOTTINGHAM 'Is Just War Theory Relevant Today?' - first in series of Nottingham Peace Lectures. Spkr April Carter, Somerville College, Oxford Univ 4.15pm Social Science Bld, Nottingham University. Details: 0602 56101.

TUES 8 NOVEMBER

LONDON John Palmer, former Brussels correspondent of The Guardian, on Labour and the EEC. 8pm 28 Middle Lane, N8. Hornsey Fabian Soc. Further details Terry O'Sullivan 01-340 7877.

MAIDSTONE Twenty-four hour Peace Camp in support of US court case by Greenham Women against cruise deployment, USAF base, Cold Blow Lane, Detling near Maidstone, Kent. 4pm until 4pm Wed 9 November. Info Eileen Maidstone 62117.

WED 9 NOVEMBER

EPSOM Save Our Health Service, public meeting, spkrs Gwyneth Dunwoody, Chris Smith, 8pm Playhouse Theatre, Ashley Ave. Org Epsom and Ewell Labour Party.

LONDON 'Humanism - the way forward' talk by Dr James Hemming. 7.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Adm free. Details: James Young 01-609 2042 days.

LONDON Field-Marshal Lord Carver on Nuclear Weapons in Europe. Council for Arms Control 2nd annual lecture, 6pm Great Hall, King's College, Strand, WC2. Info 01-487 4583.

WARWICK Public Marches and Demonstrations: the Police Role. Peter Joslin, Chief Constable of Warwickshire, 7.30pm Arts Centre conference room, Warwick Univ.

LONDON British Foreign Policy in the 21st Century. David Watt, dir Royal Institute of International Affairs, 6.30pm St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. Org DUNAMIS. Info 01-437 6851.

LONDON Picket the Home Office in defence of the nine arrested outside South Africa House, 12.30-2pm Queen Anne's Gate, SW1. Org Trafalgar 9 Defence Campaign 01-837 6050.

FORTHCOMING

11 NOV GUILDFORD Marxism in a Changing World, Asa Briggs and Steve Coleman, 8pm Guildford Civic Hall. Org Socialist Party of GB. Info B. Rubin Farnborough 512196.

12 NOV LONDON Eric Heffer at Islington Fabian Society Annual Dinner, 7.30pm. Tickets £6 from Pat Haynes 140A Hemingford Rd, N1.

12/13 NOV LONDON The NHS: What is to be (Un)done? Two-day conference org Politics of Health Group, Kingsgate Day Centre, 208 Webb-heath, Palmerston Rd, NW6. £3/£1.50/50p per day, high- low- and un-waged, creche. Details PONG c/o BSSRS 9 Poland St, W1.

12/13 NOV COVENTRY Socialism and the Green Movement. Two-day conference. Org SERA and Green CND. Info SERA 01-435 3749.

14, 15, 16 NOV LONDON Public Hearings on Cable Org GLC. Tower Hamlets 14 Nov 7.30pm Brady Centre, Hanbury St, E1; Ealing 15 Nov 7.30pm Town Hall Council Chamber, The Vale, Acton, W3; Westminster Kensington and Chelsea 16 Nov 7pm Central Hall, Storeys Gate, SW1. Info 01-633 5909.

16 NOV LONDON Ken Livingstone on The Future of the GLC. Socialist Society meeting 7.30pm Freemasons Arms, 81 Long Acre, WC2. Info 01-734 8501.

20 NOV LONDON Gay Young Socialists 6pm Marchmont community centre, Marchmont St, WC1, next meeting 11 Dec.

22 NOV LONDON Adam Smith: Philosopher turned Economist, Prof D. D. Raphael of Imperial Coll Science and Technology, 6 for 6.15pm auditorium, Wandsworth Rd, Polytechnic of the South Bank. Free tickets from 01-528 8989 ext 7154.

23 NOV LONDON Confrontations with Marx debate with Ralph Miliband, Bernard Crick. 7.30pm Room 3D ULU, Malet St, WC1. Org Socialist Society. Info 01-734 8501.

26 NOV GLASGOW West of Scotland Friends of Palestine AGM, 10.30am City Halls. Spkr Faisal Owerda PLO representative in Britain.

1 DEC Prisoners for Peace Day. Org War Resisters International in support of 'those imprisoned worldwide for refusing to join armed forces. For London events contact London Peace Action c/o 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, for UK events contact Peace Pledge Union 01-387 5501.

7 DEC WARWICK Nuclear Weapons and International Law, Elliott Meyrowitz, vice chair Lawyers' Cttee on Nuclear Policy, 7.30pm Arts Centre conference room, Warwick Univ.

9 DEC GUILDFORD Is Socialism Compatible with Freedom? Debate with Roger Scruton and H. Moss, 8pm Sports Pavilion, Woodbridge Rd. Org Socialist Party of GB. Info B. Rubin Farnborough 512196.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

THE PRACTICAL ALTERNATIVES TO CENTRALISATION

22-23 November

Increasing control by Central Government has weakened local authorities' power to determine the future of their communities. But there are signs that this trend is being reversed.

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For further information, please contact:

Kelvin MacDonald, Assistant Director, Town and Country Planning Association, 17 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1Y 5AS. Telephone: 01-930 8903.

EVENTS

HAMSTEAD BOOK FAIR (secondhand and Antiquarian) Sun. 6 Nov. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3 (opp. Belsize Park tube).

TUITION

JAPANESE for beginners. 6-day seminar. Details from Recall Training Consultants Ltd (NS), 13 Wisteria Road, London SE13 5HW. Tel: 01-852 5775. Telex 89 6616.

WRITE AND SELL short stories, articles, children's stories. Separate courses with sales assistance. Free booklet: Freelance Press Services (NS), 5/9 Bexley Square, Salford, Manchester M3 6DB.

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Prospectus and full details from: David Rundle, The Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE. Tel: 010-39 55 284 031.

GROUPS/MEETINGS

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

GAY SOCIALIST? Isolated from others like you? Icebreakers is a group of socialist gay men, committed to progressive sexual politics and offering support and friendship to others like them, through meetings and our helpline. Ring us on 01-274 9590, Monday to Friday 7.30-10.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday, 6 Nov., 9 p.m. 'The Path to the Masters'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

WOMEN & SMOKING. An ASH Seminar, Friday 18 November 1983, at Royal Society of Medicine, London. Telephone: ASH for details. 01-637 9843.

German Historical
Institute, London

Thursday, 10 Nov, 5 pm
Prof. Dr Eberhard Jäckel
Stuttgart

'Decision-making in National
Socialist Germany and the
Holocaust'

17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486

Tea from 4.30 p.m.

Seminar starts at 5 p.m.

REFORMING THE UNITED NATIONS' WORK ON HUMAN RIGHTS

Ben Whitaker

Director Minority Rights Group,
UK member UN Human Rights
sub-commission. speaks at:

Westminster UNA

Tuesday, 8 November, 7.15pm
St. Barnabas Church Hall
Ranelagh Grove (off Pimlico Road)
London, SW1

All welcome

THREE LAWYERS' CRITIQUE of the VIDEO NASTIES BILL

E. A. Goodman
N. March Hunnings
A. Rosen

Chair: Sir Roy Shaw
7.30pm Thurs. 10 November
Committee Room 6
House of Commons, SW1

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ARTS UNIVERSITY lecturer, traditional beliefs but adventurous personality, liking books, music, painting, architecture, walking, cycling, wishes to meet girl similarly inclined, hopes of family. Box 6890.

ATTRACTIVE DIVORCEE, forties, likes music, reading, walking, travel, seeks kind, intelligent, professional male, who also needs caring person, for permanent loving relationship. Croydon/London. Box 6881.

ATTRACTIVE, ACTIVE, divorcee, 40, professional background, tired of single life. Own house etc., but not own man! Seeks more than casual companionship. Surrey based. Box 6868.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL man (58), into the arts, seeks attractive, intelligent, sensual, non-smoking woman, any race/circumstances for warm friendship/enjoyments. London/surrounding area. Box 6887.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in her forties would like interesting, intelligent company, for occasional lunches, afternoons or evenings in London. Box 6903.

CHARMING OLDER woman, 55 build, seeks male companion. Would consider sharing large, crummy mansion flat. Must be solvent, middle-brow, personable. Box 6867.

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DIRECTOR, 47, unattached, seeks attractive lady, age immaterial. Varied interests: travel abroad, World religions, politics. Can accommodate. Box 6866.

ELEGANT, ENERGETIC, mature woman, family flown, seeks permanent relationship, cultivated business/professional man, 58+, appreciating good conversation, home, foreign travel, books, music, gardens, fresh air! Box 6888.

FEMALE TEACHER, 34, lonely, disillusioned yet who isn't? Seeks kind male, for warm friendship, share cultural interests. Hampshire/anywhere (willing to move). Box 6863.

FEMALE LAWYER approaching 40, workaholic, feels there may be more to life, interests people, food, films, jazz, travel, seeks male, 40s, with sense humour. Box 6899.

INTERESTING, CONGENIAL company (male or female) sought by widowed, socialist, widely travelled woman writer, for daily dog-walking in Regent's Park or Parliament Hill. Box 6898.

MALE, SEPARATED, 60. Would-be intellectual, but genuine MCF, seeks stimulating female, for London theatre visits and to mitigate loneliness. Box 6900.

MANCHESTER MAN, seeks female, 25-35, preferably Greater Manchester area. Interests: cycling, walking, travel, countryside, natural history, photography. Non-smoker. Box 6875.

MANCHESTER TALL, sensuous professional black lady, 32, single parent, despairs finding stimulating, sensitive male for interesting relationship. Do you fit? Nationality unimportant. Box 6820.

MIDDLE-AGED male (45), professional, Asian, sincere, sensitive, wide interests, seeks female companionship. London/South-East. Box 6864.

OPEN-MINDED ABOUT allocating proceeds from selling house, fraternally disposed Humanist, Guru-vintage, favouring Alternative movement, seeks equally teamspirited damsel. Box 6589.

OVER 50 and female? Please respond to this 'cri de coeur' from a younger (32) male, semi-platonic relationship (cuddling!), is all I ask. Box 6889.

PENSIONER, EDUCATED, travelled, solvent, bachelor, non-smoker, non-abstainer, apolitical, seeks suitable person for winter holiday, to sunbathe, relax and escape the media. Fifty-fifty. Box 6873.

PHD GENTLEMAN, Jewish (and practising), 49, warm, considerate, wide interests, seeks comely slim, creative lady, 30s with wide interests (preferably non-smoker), for genuine, enriching relationship. Phone number appreciated. Box 6883.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 55, seeks Russian speaking woman, any race, colour, but left-wing creed. Reading, music, countryside, travel. Preferably North. Box 6861.

SCIENTIST, CHINESE origins, male, early thirties, interested in music, theatre, living Manchester, seeks female support/friendship. London/NW. Box 6869.

SHY JOURNALIST, 29, seeks independent woman, for quiet dinners and friendship. London. Box 6891.

SLIM, SOLVENT, somewhat shy, single male, 43, tired of singles clubs, seeks similar lady, interested in cinema, theatre and travel. London/Middlesex. Box 6896.

SOUTHAMPTON SECRETARY (stature 5ft 8in), 50s, seeks someone same or senior to support, stir and soothe. Wit welcome, brashness barred, try tact and tenderness. Box 6878.

SOUTH AFRICAN coloured lawyer (31), living in London, widely travelled, likes reading, concerned about human rights. Seeks attractive female, up to 30, any nationality. Box 6876.

TALL, AMUSING, active single man, 30s, CND and travel enthusiast, social life evaporated, seeks happy, attractive, non-smoking woman, for friendship plus developments. Huddersfield. Box 6874.

THE BEST is yet to be. If this rings any sort of bell, please write and come in. Box 6894.

WOMAN APPROACHING 60, but very fit and active, widowed, Continental origin, wide interests incl. walking, the arts, travel, current affairs, would like to meet lively male companion similar age and interests (preferably also in London area). Box 6865.

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